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WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent

Washington, May 29, 1893.

Senator Vorhees is probably as well versed in political trickery as any man in the United States. Although supposed to stand for everything that is anti-Cleveland particularly on the financial question, he has controlled more Presidencial patronage up to date than any other single member of the Senate. That's why so many people say that he has bargained away his vote on the silver question, at the coming session of Congress, for patronage; but of that your correspondent does not intend to express an opinion; the record of Mr. Vorhees is well known, and if he goes back on it when Congress meets the public can draw its own conclusion, but so long as he can get offices for his constituents, it is not probable that they will bother themselves about a little thing like a somersault on the financial question.

But it was of a little political trickery in which he is just now engaged that I started to tell Of course every newspaper reader is familiar with the high handed doings of Postmaster Donham at Terre Haute, Ind., in dismissing all the republican letter carriers as soon as he took charge of his office, against the rules of the P. O. Department as well as the civil service law. Civil Service Commissioner Boosevelt went out there and made a personal investigation and his report is dead against the postmaster, although it has not yet been approved by the other commissioners, but it unquestionably will be. Now that particular postmaster is one of Vorhees's henchmen and Vorhees got here as soon as Commissioner Roosevelt did, determined to prevent his being punished or dismissed. In order to strengthen himself with Mr. Cleveland, whose weakness he has long ago learned, he had himself interviewed as soon as he arrived in Washington and filled a half column with the most fulsome flattery of the wisdom and statesmanship of the President. He calculates by this bit of humbuggery to pull the wool over the President's eyes and prevent any action being taken on the report of Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt can't begin to match the Senator for trickiness, but he is all the same a hard fighter and is determined that Donham shall be punished, and if he isn't look out for a row.

Secretary Hoke Smith has repealed an order that was issued by Gen. Raum and Assistant Secretary Bussey, construing "disability not of service origin," which he hopes will keep the veterans out of from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000, a year. Under the construction which Secretary Smith has decided shall be put upon the pension act of 1890, a man's "disability not of service origin," will have to be suffient to prevent his earning a support by manual labor before he will be allowed a pension.

Attorney General Olney has, according to a story current here, been sat down upon by Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Olney was determined to make the fight of his life to compel the World's Fair people to obey the law as to Sunday closing, but Secretary Gresham told Mr. Cleveland that it would make the administration very unpopular in the West, where the people were practically unanimous in favor of Sunday opening, if any extraordinary efforts were made by the Attorney General to compel it to close. Then the Attorney General was told that he must do nothing more than he was compelled to do in the matter. He objected to the interference with his plans, but he was quickly made to understand who was bossing the machine, just as his colleagues had been before him, and he suddenly concluded to make a visit to Boston, leaving the District Attorney at Chicago to make his fight for Sunday closing alone, and without even the moral support of the administration.

Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, who has proved his ability as an executive officer, and as a diplomat, by four years service in the cabinet and by four years service as U. S. minister to Great Britain, is in Washington for the purpose of making his final report to the department of State. He will resume his connection with the Chicago law firm from which he retired four years ago to accept the position he has lately vacated. While firmly of the opinion that the republican party will on account of its undying principles soon be restored to power, Mr. Lincoln declines to talk politics at this time, because he says he is for the present out of politics and must devote his time to money making, as he spent while residing in London just $70,000 more than his salary. Secretary Gresham accompained Mr. Lincoln when he called at the White House to pay his respects to the President.

Solicitor General Aldrich retired Saturday, to return to his private practice in Chicago. He leaves a record that any lawyer in the U. S. might be proud of without laping himself open to the charge of egotism.

THE TARIFF REFORMERS.

Tariff reform is supplying plenty of mental pabulum for the President and Secretary of the Treasury. A number of discussions have been held by gentlemen who are named as likely to be on the next Committee of Ways and Means in the House, but, as far as can be learned, there is no unanimity of opinion among them except that they have to raise a large amount of revenue with a decrease in receipts from custom duties.

An average 20 per cent. ad valorem duty, such as suggested by the Reform Club, would leave too large a deficit, while even a 33 per cent. rate would be far from sufficient for the administration's purposes. There has been talk of abolishing the duties upon coal, wool and iron, which would further decrease the revenue, and the suggestion has also been made to place a duty upon sugar and tea, thus taxing the breakfast table.

Another method of "raising the wind" has been advocated in an income tax. This would be strictly British and in touch with the pro-British proclivities of the Democratic party. But an income tax would strike at the rich Democrats, whereas a duty on sugar would come more out of the pockets of the poor people, hence there is a wide divergence of opinion among the reformers, and especially so on the subject of sugar, which they seem afraid to touch in a lump, even with a pair of tongs.

It does not appear to have occurred either to the Democratic President or to any member of his party that much might be done to make both financial ends meet by reducing expenses at home. Economic administration of the Government would be more popular among the masses than a tax on the breakfast table, and surely in these days of official changes there can be found some salaries or expenses that might be lopped off or curtailed. This would be true reform, and it is by no means necessary that all the enormous appropriations voted by the two last Democratic Houses should be expended.

PHILIPSBURG ELECTRIC RAILROAD.

We copy from the *Ledger* of May 27:

Messrs. Irwin and McGaffey represented the Philipsburg Electric Railway company at the hearing before State Secretary Harrity, at Harrisburg, on Wednesday. Senator McAteer represented the Philipsburg and Houtzdale Electric Railway company. Mr. McAteer asked for a postponement of the hearing, but Mr. Harrity refused to grant it. After listening to both sides, Mr. Harrity said he would give Mr. McAteer until Monday to procure some affidavits which the senator said he would like to offer and then he (Mr. Harrity) will give his decision, but said unless they changed the complexion of the matter very much he could see no reason for refusing to grant the Philipsburg Electric Railway company a charter. He also granted Messrs. Irwin and McGaffey the privilege of altering their application so that the road could run through Chester Hill and up to Keystone Hill.

The new application was sent in yesterday. According to its provisions the road will run from Munson to Kylertown, Allport, Morrisdale, Hawk Run, through several streets in Philipsburg, then through Chester Hill to Cuba and Keystone Hill.

—One day some eight years ago G. G. Wilson, of Luzerne county, was standing on the P. R. R. track in Harrisburg. A locomotive was pushing down some cars on the track and Wilson, being very deaf did not hear the danger signals the engineer sounded. In another second he would have been run down by the cars. Herman Carson of Philipsburg, was standing near, and at the risk of his life seized Wilson and threw him out of the way of the impending danger.

Carson was struck by one of the cars, but being an experienced railroad man, he caught the bumper and held himself there until the cars were stopped. Wilson was a rich man and gave Carson $200 on the spot. He died a few days ago and willed Carson $25,000.—*Philipsburg Ledger.*

A BUSINESS CHANGE.

Mr. T. J. Lee has purchased Mr. Frank H. Whiteman's interest in the Miner's Supply company, and will immediately take possession of his share of his new venture. Mr. Lee and Mr. Alan Somerville, his partner, are both upright, reliable young men who are deserving of all the success possible in their business.—*Philipsburg Ledger.*

—The Philipsburg *Ledger* says:

Mr. L. T. Munson, of Bellefonte, was in town this week attending the funeral of his brother-in-law, Mr. George Bollinger.

—Frank P. Blair has had a new porch put to the house owned by him on Spring street, occupied by Capt. W. F. Reber, it is a nice improvement to the property.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S LATEST SURPRISE FOR OFFICE SEEKERS.

Life Tenure Proposed.

The Washington correspondent of the New York *Sun* has sent the following to his paper, and it is considered so important that the *Sun* publishes it to-day on its editoral page, in double-leaded type:

"That new rulings are contemplated, preliminary to the complete recoganization of the working force of the departments, the treasury especially, seems more than probable. This is to believed, is one reason why so few departmental changes have been made. Those that have been madeareon a line consistent with the new rulesthat are said to be preparing.

"Mr. Cleveland, it is reported, contemplates a new extension of the civil service idea—little less than the complete wiping out of the present system and the substitution of some main features of the English system. For this purpose legislation will be needed, and yet considerable progress is possible under the present laws. Mr. Cleveland's experience, more especially during the last two months, has set him thinking. It is reported that in his own mind he has advanced considerably toward the plan of employing in the government service only those who are best qualified, regardless of political considerations. The qualifications are to be ascertained by a board not less removed from partisan influences and considerations than the Supreme Court. The services is to be arranged in grades and under the best rules known in the business world, whereby fitness, moral, intellectual and physical, will be taken into the account; politics never.

"With making appointments, save those of foreign ministers and certain high officials nearest to the executive, the president will have nothing to do, and the tenure will virtually be for life and good behavior. Provision will be made for constant supervision of the service, with a view to keeping it up to the highest standard in all respects. Mr. Cleveland has seen and thought enough, he believes, to qualify him to make to Congress, when it meets again, entensive recommendations looking to changes that will separate the servants of the government from politics and relieve the executive branch from what, in the judgment, has become a positive scandal and an injury in every light. He is convinced that the time has come for reforming altogether the practice of a reforming the evil. It is understood the president has persuaded himself that what he intends to recommend will command the requisite strength to put through Congress a law that will permanently reform out of existence a number of evils which, in his judgment, threaten the welfare of the republic; and he believes the reform will shed renown on his administration.

"Mr. Cleveland in consideration this position with the aid of members of his cabinet, and at the time he is consulting with Democrats and Republicans as opportunity is afforded them. Gen. Schurz, as I am informed, was made acquainted with the president's purpose on his recent visit to the White House. On the degree of support this enlarged civil service reform may receive in advance of the meeting of Congress will depend not a little on Mr. Cleveland's recommendation and action. The opinion prevails to a considerable extent that recent experience which has so impressed the president and brought him to think earnestly will also bring favor to the proposed system from both political parties."

In its political gossip to-day the Washington *Post* says: "The president announced another ruling yesterday, which was in line with the rather iconoclastic decisions which have hitherto come from the White House. For many years the office of commissioner of customs has been given to Pennsylvanians. The people of that commonwealth had come to believe that this influential position with its $4,000 attachment, belonged to them by right of discovery or eminent domain, or primogenitiveness or something of that kind. Yesterday the office was given to an Ohio man. Mr. Cleveland said that not in Pennsylvania alone, but in every section of the Union, the fact that a man from any one State is given a position leads people of that State to believe it should not go anywhere else, and he could see no good reason for it. He is a believer in rotation in states as well as in office. Hereafter, he declared, qualifications and fitness of canditates would count form more than imaginary States lines."

ACCIDENT AT THE FIRE BRICK WORKS.

Milton Sheriff, of Chester Hill, an employe at the Wigton Fire Brick works, was the victtm of a serious accident last evening about 5 o'clock. He was working inside a brick kiln; when, without warning, the roof of the kiln, which is composed of fire brick, tumbled in, almost burying him. He was taken out of the debris with a bone broken in his left leg, and his head and thighs bruised and cut. Dr. Dunwiddle was summoned and dressed the wounds and bandaged the broken leg. Two other employes, named Heller and Blowers were slightly injured.—*Philipsburg Ledger.*

THE PROPOSED TERRIBLE HORSE RACE TO CHICAGO.

A copy of *Dumb Animals* has been sent us in which was the following article marked with the request that we would lend our aid to create a public sentiment against such cruelty. We do not know as we can do better than publish the article. Such racing is certainly a form of cruelty that should meet with condemnation from all humane people.

"Our readers all remember *the terrible horse race* between German and Austrian officers, which a few months ago shocked the humnne sentiment of the civilized world.

From our February paper they also learned that *some three hundred cowboys* were proposing to start from *Chadron*, Nebraska, at sunrise on May 15, for a similar race of *over seven hundred miles* to the Nebraska building at *"Chicago World's Fair"*—the first arriving to receive a purse of $1500 and the second a purse of $500.

We stated that if these *semi-barbarians* were to pass through Massachusetts we thought we could take care of all of them without difficulty, but as it was we had written our friend *John G. Shortall, Esq.*, president of *"The Illinois Humane Society,"* who would unquestionably do all in his power to prevent this proposed outrage.

But letters coming to us (two by last mail) lead us to say that the race seems to be fully determined upon, that the time of starting is fixed at about June 25th (*perhaps the hottest part of summer*) and that each rider is allowed *only two horses* for *over seven hundred miles.*

Under these circumstances we do most earnestly prav all *the about ten thousand American editors who will receive marked copy of this paper*, and all *our Western Humane Societies*, and all humane citizens to prevent, by *the power of the press and the enforcement of laws*, this disgrace to American civilization, so that if the race is begun no rider shall ever be permitted to enter Chicago having ridden two horses night and day, under whip and spur, over seven hundred miles to win these purses.

And we do most earnestly ask all of our *"Band of Mercy"* members and all humane people who may reside in any city or town through which these men, if they succeed in starting, may attempt to pass, to receive them everywhere *with hisses* and *cries of "Shame!"*

In behalf of the dumb beasts whom it is proposed to ride in this terrible race, I earnestly pray the assistance of all who are able in any way to assist in saving them from torture and our country from this disgrace.

GEO. T. ANGELL,

President of the American Humane Education Society, the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and the Parent American Band of Mercy, 19 Milk street, Boston.

TWO SWINDLERS.

A pair of slick swindlers have for some time past been operating in various protions of the state with remarkable success. One of the men is described as being over six feet in height, while the other is a young man not out of his teens.

It is said that the beginning of each spring the same big man makes a practice of going from house to house, offering for sale bulbs of rare blooms with high sounding names unknown to floriculture, and describing in glowing terms the beauty of the flowers.

The latest field of this man has been in Rush township. Several days ago he called at the farm house of a prominent farmer. He exhibited slips of a vine which he claimed would soon bear fragrant blossoms.

He stated that he represented a New York nursery, and the farmer purchased $17 worth of the vines, which the swindler planted. The vines were carefully attended to, but soon died. On looking for the cause, the farmer discovered that the plants were nothing more or less than the broken sprigs stuck in the earth.

This swindler is the same who some time ago sold onions for bulbs and Schuylkill water as a fertilizer to residents in Philadelphia.—Tamaqua Courier.

—The Blair county Republicans have made the following nominations: President judge, Martin Bell, of Hollidaysburg; county commissioners, M. H. Fagley, of Bellwood, and John Hurd, of Altoona; director of the poor, Jame M. Stiffler, of Allegheny township; county auditors. D. D. Coleman, of Logan township and H. C. Lorenz of Roaring Spring; delegates to state convention, Jame M. Lingefelt, J. L. Mitchell, E. C. Mark and C. H. Morse.

THE MONAMMEDANS ARE COMING HERE.

Last week we received a new paper called "The Moslem World" devoted to the interest of the American Islamic. Propaganda which we have looked over with considerable interest for the reason that the idea of a mohammedan paper being published in the United States excite our curiosity and wonder we have so long regarded this religion as one of the dying ones that the appearance of an organ of that faith among us shocks and startles us. The paper is printed in New York, and is a beautiful specimen of the printers art printed on beautiful paper, edited by a man or men of the highest scholarly attainment it cannot fail to make an impression. We learn from it that the effort is backed up by wealthy Mussulemen of India, and is edited by Alexander Russel Webb, an American who while an American consul to an eastern country was converted to the faith of Mahomet, it is said also that they will build a Mosque in New York to cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, they will establish a reading room which will be open from 9 o'clock a. m. to ten p. m. in which may be found the most valuable works of Mohammedans Missionaries of this faith will also lecture on the tennants of the Islam religion We also notice in the Philadelphia Press of last Monday an article giving further particulars of the work. Mr. Webb and his backers propose to do The Press says:—It appears that Alexander Webb, the United States Consul, who four years ago embraced the religion of Mohammed, and who represents the Mohammedants in the United States, has returned to this country for other reasons than those he has already stated. His dignified presentation of his new religion has attracted much attention. Many will now be surprised who have heard him say only that his mission here is the propagation of that religion, to learn that he is also the agent of rich worshipers of Mohammed.

In an interview to-day, Mr. Webb confirmed this statement, while regretting that it must become public before certain negotiations with landowners had been completed. Mr. Webb states that a large number of Mohammedans are planning to emigrate from India to the United States, and that they will probably form colonies in several of the Southern States. For some weeks past he has been in communication with large property-holders in the South, notably in Georgia and Florida. He has secured figures on large strips of land and has already reported these prices to a syndicate of Mohammedans who are, from religions and financial motives, interested in the movement.

TO ESTABLISH COLONIES.

Mr. Webb has no doubt that the colonies will actually be established. He says the Mohammedans are extravagent admirers of the United States and the majority would, he thinks, be glad to become American citizens. "The subject," said Mr. Webb, "has been discussed by Mohammedans in India for a number of years. India has 280,000,000 people, you know, and yet it is but one-fourth of the size of the United States. There are in India alone 60,000,000 Mohammedans and they include the better class of residents. They are taxed to death by the Government and they do not feel that they are occupying the social position to which they are entitled.

"They have read of our great institutions and comparatively small rate of taxation. They are anxious to become American citizens, and especially as a man is here free to follow any religion he chooses. They have wanted to emigrate, as I said, for many years, but the principle objection has been the absence of any means of observing the forms of their own religion among themselves.

"The Mohammedans pray five times a day and each time they wash their heads, faces and hands and feet. Naturally they could do this with comfort only in a warm climate. Hence when the desire to come to America took definite form they thought only of the warmest part of the country. They do not propose to abandon their religion, which they regard as far superior to Chistianity.

"From that feeling grew the negotiations with the owners of the Southern land properties. Mohammedans eat no beef or pork or anything that is killed except in the name of God. They will be found never to drink liquors. They will pray wherever they happen to be, and this is another reason why the idea of establishing colonies was born. They want to be together where they will be free from observation and ridicule.

CIRCLES ARE ESTABLISHED.

"The idea of the wealthier and more prominent Mohammedans was said by Mr. Webb to be to form in every town and city of the United States circles to study the Mohammedans religion. The primary purpose is not, however, to seek converts, but to soften the prejudice of Christians in America against the great religion of the Indies. Already three of these circles have been established, two in New York city and in Woodbridge, N. J. Charters have been applied for by these societies and it is believed that many more circles will shortly be in operation.

"I am in negotiation," he added, "with responsible men for the purchase of large tracts of land in Jacksonville, Pensacola, and Augusta, and in Alabama. The sellers understand the purpose to which the land will be put and say the neighbors will probably offer no objections whatever. Americans will not find the Mohammedana to be beggars or charity seekers, but on the contrary valuable workmen in many industries.

LANDS IN THE SOUTH.

"I have secured for such purposes an option of 25,000 acres in Georgia and on seven or eight other tracts equally large. Committees will be sent from India to inspect the lands here and then bargains will be closed.

"The immigrants will of course purchase all their farming implements, cattle and other necessities here, and they ought to make thoroughly good citizens. You may say that another syndicate of Mohammedans are negotiating to run a line of steamers between Bombay and New York and in this way transportation to the United States will be greatly facilitated. The syndicate has leased the building at 455 West Twentieth Street for their head quarters.

"I believe that within five years there will be about 5000 active, able bodied Musselmen settled in the first colony. It is difficult at this time to fix a definite date for the arrival of the first colony, but I think that will be settled immediately after the land is purchased."

DECORATION DAY IN BELLEFONTE

Decoration day was celebrated in Bellefonte with the usual careful attention to all the duties which the living owe to the dead heroes that sleep in the several cemeteries which nestle among these mountains. As each year passes and each anniversary of this event occurs we notice the slowly thining ranks of the veterans as they march to the straips of martial music with beautiful flowers to place on the graves of their comrades, and we are forced to think how short a time it will be when they too will be gathered to the silent city of the dead, and to their children will be left the duties which they are performing to-day. As if realizing this they had in their parade many children carrying flags and when the veterans carried the flowers to the graves of the comrades these children went with them and so will we perpetuate the tradition of the past. The parade formed in the Diamond at about two oclock and at half past two began to move the route of procession was down Allegheny street to Howard, thence to Spring, along Spring to Bishop, from there to Allegheny, thence to Howard and along Howard to the cemetery. The Bellefonte band of thirty one pieces was in the lead, followed by three carriages, the first occupied by John G. Love, Esq., the speaker of the day, Ex-Governor Andrew G. Curtin, the war governor, and James H. Rankin, Esq., The second by. W. B. Maitland and Wm. Reese. The third by William Jones, Quartermaster of Gregg Post, and a naval comrade from Philadelphia, Prof. Raulstschek Then Company B. of Bellefonte, Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R. Pleasant Gap band members of Camp No. 559 P. O. S. of A., and the I. O. U. A. M., Ninety school boys carrying the American flag under the charge of Prof. Etters. At the cemetery the exercises were opened by John C. Miller, Esq., Commander of Gregg Post; A song by a number of gentlemen, Prayer by Rev. G. W. Zehner, dirge by the Bellefonte band, decoration of four special graves the decoration of all graves by members of the Post and boys. Ode by the band, after which John G. Love, Esq., the speaker of the day, was introduced. His remarks were eloquent and scholarly and were listened to with rapt attention. Mr. Love is one of the finest orators in the state and on this occasion spoke with his usual eloquence and vigor. Notice was then given that the Patriotic Order Sons of America would go from there to the Friends cemetery to decorate the grave of one of their members and all were invited to accompany them. The day was all that could be desired, everyone seemed to appreciate the service which grows more significant and beautiful as the years pass by.

—Dr. T. R. Hayes is moving out of the house he has lately occupied on Linn street into the house he purchased from George Valentine. Robert Miller, the contractor, will commence this week to tear down the house vacated by Dr. Hayes. It was purchased by John C. Miller, and is to be moved to the east end of the street on a lot being prepared for it.

A HARD PROBLEM.

How It Solved Itself in a Short Time.

Willis Dean read the last sentence of the book slowly, and then put the volume down on the grass beside him, looking up at his companion, who was sitting in a big rocking chair intent on a piece of intricate embroidery.

"And they lived happily ever afterwards I suppose," he said.

"Perhaps they didn't. Perhaps they found out in a year that it was all a mistake."

"Not if they really loved each other."

"In that always an assurance of perfect happiness then—if they only loved each other?"

"No," said Dean, reflectively; "perhaps not; and, besides, they might be separated. But lack of love in a union like that would be certain misery, I think."

Miss Gray vouchsafed no reply, but went on with her work, counting the stitches at a difficult point in its elaboration.

Dean got up, streached his long limbs, and then leaned his shoulder against the trunk of the big elm.

"Well, Helen," he said, "the book is finished. I have no longer an excuse, even to myself. I am going in the morning."

Miss Gray looked up from her work, but returned to it quickly.

"Do you need an excuse, then?" she said, half petulantly.

"Yes, can you suggest one?"

"I do not believe in excuses."

"Not when they might prolong the happiness of a fellow mortal?"

Miss Gray laughed a nervous little laugh and made no reply.

Willis threw himself down again on the grass and looked up dreamily at the little cottony clouds that floated across the sky.

"Helen," he said at length, "there is a story that I would like to tell you. I would like to get your opinion, for it concerns a very dear friend of mine. Will you tell me what you think about it if I tell his story?"

"If I can I will."

"Well, it is a question of ethics. My friend is engaged—or perhaps I am not beginning right.

"Once upon a time a young man, a very young man, met a very young lady. Their parents were warm friends, the two young people saw a great deal of each other and the consequence is easy to imagine.

"One evening they went walking in the garden. I think there was a moon, and she was dressed in white with a single flower at her throat. She went tripping along the walk with a little song on her lips, and her eyes were bright in the moonlight.

"That happened which almost always happens. The moonlight, her songs and the brightness of her eyes got all mixed up in my friend's head and heart and he supposed he loved her. Perhaps he did—then.

"He told her so, and she gave him the flower and let him kiss her.

"They were very young, but they both had money enough, so that there was nothing impossible about it, and he told her father the next day. They were engaged, but their parents stipulated that they must not be married for ever so many years.

"She was sent away to school to fit herself for the position which she would occupy as his wife, and he went to college. They wrote to each other, faithfully at first, then irregularly. They met at vacation times and told each other a good deal that they had not bothered to write in their letters.

"Once he went to sleep while she was telling him about a reception she went to. Then she stopped telling him about her doings altogether.

"But they did not break their engagement. She was naturally an effectionate girl, and for her, at least, there continued to be a certain amount of romance about the affair; besides, there were family reasons which makes a difference. She was a good girl and he did not want to cause her pain.

"Perhaps he would never have known that it was not and never had been a real love that he had for her if he had not met another whom he did love with the love of a full-grown man. She was as different from his early sweetheart as black is from white. She was strong of face and character and broad of mind. She knew her worth and charmed him with her independence.

"To say that he loved her hardly expresses the full meaning of what he felt. She was his queen; he was absolutely happy in her presence, and unspeakably miserable when he was away from her. She was a revelation to him of all that a noble woman could be."

Willis had risen to his feet and was speaking excitedly, a red flush on his usually pale cheek.

"That was two months ago," he continued. You can imagine what his love for her to-day is when I tell you that, beginning as I said, it has doubled each day until now it is greater than he is.

"But all the time he is engaged to his early sweetheart. They are expecting him home now, and for all I know the date of this ill-judged wedding will soon be fixed. That is the story."

He leaned wearily against the tree and sighed deeply.

"Well?" he said.

"And what am I to answer?" she asked.

"Tell me, Helen," he answered passionately, "tell me, must I go back to her? Shall I not tell her how it is with me and be free? And if I am free will you—"

Miss Gray drew back before his eager gaze, but there was a soft tender light in her deep brown eyes.

"Then it is your own story that you have been telling me," she said, softly.

"Yes, Helen."

"And will you do exactly as I tell you?"

"I promise."

"Then go and learn to forget the woman that you now say you love so madly. Learn again to love the sweetheart of your youth, who is far more worthy, I do not doubt. Be a brave man, Willis, and do your duty. If you remember the other at all, remember her as praying for you daily that you may be brave, and, Willis—Willis—you must pray for her, for she, too, will have to be brave."

She bowed her head as she uttered the last words and her frame shook. He was by her side in a moment.

"Helen! Helen! you do care for me, then?"

She rested her head on his shoulder for a moment as he stood with his strong arms about her. Then she pushed him away gently.

"Now, go," said she "and, Willis, we must never see each other any more."

He looked at her for a moment in silence. Then he stooped and kissed her forehead and was gone.

She watched his retreating figure as he strode down the broad road until he was lost to view behind the trees. Then she threw herself down on the grass at the foot of an elm, and sobbed as if her heart would break. Willis Dean saw little of his betrothed for the first few days after he returned to his home. There were all sorts of teas and picnics and the like on the programme, and he caught a glimpse of her now and them, but he never seemed to find her alone.

Not that he wanted to. His heart was heavy, and when it drawned upon him one day that she was avoiding him he was rather grateful than otherwise. He saw enough of her to know, however, that, she was faithfully attended by a young westerner who was spending a month in the neighborhood. He seemed to be a frank, well-mannered fellow, and Willis was fully grateful to him also.

But about a week after his arrival there was a grand affair at his cousin's and Willis went as a matter of duty, and of course he walked through the march with his betrothed, danced once or twice and then wandered out on the piazza to smoke a cigar.

It was a pleasant place to be on a moon light night when the cool breeze was coming in with a salty fragrance from the water below. He drew the collar of his coat around his neck, lounged carelessly into a chair at one end of the long platform and lighted a cigar.

The sound of music and merry voices came to him faintly from the ballroom, and mixed in a curious harmony with the splashing of the waves and the murmur of the evening breeze. Dean leaned back in his chair, looking at the stars. His mind went back to the scene when he had parted with Helen Gray.

"How beautiful she was, how noble, and she loved him."

He was arousel from his reverie by the opening of the door which led to the piazza, and, looking up, he saw the slender figure of his betrothed as she came through the doorway. She had thrown a light shawl over her head, and came evidently unattended, for she closed the door after her softly.

The red glow of Dean's cigar attracted her attention, and before she recognized him and started back with a frightened little cry.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, recognizing him "it is you, Willis."

"Even I," quoth Willis, gravely.

"I thought no one was out here. I—I came to be by myself."

"I assure you I shall not trouble you. I was going in at once, any way."

"Your cigar is not half smoked."

"Well, no, but the fact is I—er—"

"Yes, Willis, I know. But on the whole dear, I would like to have you stay. I want to say something to you. No, don't throw away your cigar. I want you to be good natured."

"I am at your service, of course, Florence."

They sat down, and Willis looked at the end of his cigar, while his companion played nervously with the rings on her fingers.

"I hardly know how to begin," she observed at length.

"I would help you if I could, but I hardly see how I can."

Silence, during which the orchestra with in began to play a waltz, and Florence tapped the time with her foot nervously on the boards.

"Willis," she said, at length, "I do not want you to think that I blame you: but you have not made me very happy in the last few years."

Willis said he was very sorry; that he was afraid he had neglected her; that he was ready to atone and make her happy now, if he could. He said it bravely, but with a heavy heart.

"But, Willis, I ought to tell you I have been happy without you."

Dean's heart gave a great jump, but he made no reply.

"Yes," continued his companion, "I have been quite happy without you, and I think I could always be if—"

"If what, Flossie?"

"If you would give me up."

"And break the engagement?"

"Yes, Willis. But oh, don' think I am a wicked girl. I tried and tried, but I couldn't help it. I tried not to see him any more and to think only of you; been crying and my eyes are red; and oh. Willis, I couldn't help it."

"There, never mind, Flossie. So it is for him you want to give me up?"

"Oh, Willis, am so very wicked?"

"On the contrary, I think you are doing prefectly right."

"And you will give me up?"

"I cannot, since you have already thrown me over."

"But you are not angry?" anxiously.

"Florence," said Willis, with deep conviction, "I am so far from being angry that I think I would like to kiss you."

He came over to where she was standing, and for the first time during the interview she saw his face clear in the moonlight. It must have shone with happiness for he had a wild desire to dance a war dance then and there, and the silly words of a negro jubilee song kept repeating themselves over and over in his brain. She put up her lips and he kissed her gravely. She detained him and looked searchingly into his face with her head on his arm.

"So my story was yours, also, Willis," she said presently.

"Yes, Florence."

"And is she good and noble?"

"Yes."

"Then, Willis, I am perfectly happy."

Then she left him standing there and went in. He tried to see how far he could throw his cigar stump. He would have liked to hang over the balcony by his legs, as he did when he was a boy.

But he managed to restrain himself and went to the supper room, where he astonished an elderly dowager by insisting on helping her to all manner and kinds of provisions, returning the most incoherent and unintelligible replies to her frightened and feeble protestations.

Late in the afternoon of the next day a dust-bedraggled figure came up the gravel walk toward the house where Helen Gray lived. He spied that young lady seated under the elm tree as he came up, and came quickly across the grass to her.

"Helen!" he cried.

She drew back quickly with a gesture of protest.

"Willis," she exclaimed, "I told you we must never see each other again. Why, why have you come back?"

"For the best of reasons, Helen, I am free."

"Free! how, Willis?"

There was the light of a dawning hope on the face, but she still maintained her attitude of protest. Willis told his story simply.

"And now," he said, as he finished; "now, Helen, will you take me, rejected as I am?"

"Are you not afraid to go into bondage again, now that you are free?"

"I am bound already, by my love for you."

She dropped her head contentedly on his shoulder.

"And I also am bound," she said.—J. T. Newcome, in Boston Globe.

HOUSEHOLD NOTES.

COFFEE FOR ONE PERSON.

Take a tablespoonful of ground coffee, a cup of hot water, the fourth of the white of an egg, half a cup of cold water, Stir the coffee with the white of the egg; add the cold water. Boil, add the hot water. Boil two minutes.

SQUASH PIE.

One and one-half pints of squash, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one egg, a little salt, one half teaspoonful each of ginger and cinnamon, sugar to taste. Beat all thoroughly together, and add enough milk to make two pies on large round tins.

COFFEE JELLY.

Soak one ounce of gelatine in a teaspoonful of cold water; when dissolved add a teaspoonful of strong Mocha coffee sweetened to taste. Place in a mold and set in a cool place to stiffen. If not as sweet as liked, add sugar before moulding.

COCOANUT CUSTARD.

Boil in a kettle of hot water two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch and one quart of simmering milk, yolks of four eggs, six tablespoonfuls of sugar. Boil three minutes; add, when cold, one teaspoonful of vanilla and cover top with grated cocoanut. Serve with plain cake

ORANGE PIE.

The grated rind and juice of two oranges, four eggs, four tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of butter. Cream the butter and sugar and add the beaten eggs, then the grated rind and juice of the oranges, and lastly the whites beaten to a froth and mix in lightly. Bake with one crust.

MUTTON BROTH.

The water that mutton is boiled in makes a very good broth. After removing the mutton set the water to cool; when cold remove the fat that will rise in a cake to the top. Heat what remains, adding a good quantity of salt and a little pepper; also rice or barley and an onion if desired.

SWEETBREADS.

Scald them in water slightly salted. Then dry them in a towl, dip in eggs and crumbs, peppered to season, and fry to a light brown. Serve hot, or, if preferred, another way: pour over them a cup of boiling cream thickened with a little flour and seasoned with salt and pepper.

FARINA PUDDING.

Put one quart of milk to boil, stir in, while boiling, one cupful of farina; add a little salt and sugar to taste. Allow this to boil fifteen minutes, stirring constantly, then pour out either into a mould or cups. Set away to cool and serve with raspberry vinegar, or any sauce preferred.

A BREAKFAST RELISH,

Cut a cutlet of veal into pieces about two inches square and season with salt and pepper. Dip first into beaten egg, then into chopped mushrooms. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a frying pan and when hot fry the cutlets until brown. Make a brown sauce the same as for veal cutlets, pour over the squares and serve.

QUEEN PUDDING.

In the bottom of a deep pudding dish place a thick layer of stale cake. Wet with wine. Over the cake put a layer of stoned raisons, chopped citron, candied cherries, blanched almonds and a chopped fig. Now add another layer of cake. Pour over all a custard made of three eggs, a pint of milk and a half cup of sugar. Steaw an hour and a half.

RYE MUFFINS.

Mix one cup of rye meal (not flour) with one cup of white flour, one-quarter cup of sugar and one teaspoonful of salt. Beat one egg light, without separating, add to it one cup of milk and slowly pour this on the dry material, beating all the while. Add oue teaspoonful of baking powder, put in greased muffin tins and bake twenty minutes in a quick oven.

SHRIMP RISSOLES.

Mash smooth a pint of picked shrimps, add a tablespoonful of butter and a cupful of cold cooked rice or mashed potatoes; season with pepper and salt; mix well and form in oval cakes; dip in beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and fry in boiling lard or dripping. Serve hot and garhish with parsley. Crab and lobster can be treated the same.

CODFISH SALAD.

Take a pound of nice codfish, cook it and let it stand until perfectly cold. Tear it to pieces and put in a plain salad dressing of oil, salt and vineger and let it stand one hour. Fill a salad bowl half full of crisp lettuce leaves, brain the fish and add to the lettuce. Pour over this a mayonnaise and garnish with slices of hard boiled eggs and thin slices of lemon.

APRICOT CHARLOTTE.

A delicious apricot charlotte may be made of a pint of preserved apricots strained through a sieve to form a puree, to which an ounce of dissolved gelatine is added. Chill the puree and and stir it till the mixture begins to thicken. Then add a quart of well-whipped cream sweetened with a scant half cup of powdered sugar. The amount of sugar needed will depend largely upon the amount in the preserved apricots.

BOILED OX TAIL.

Two tails, one and one-half pints good stock, salt and cayenne, bread crumbs, one egg. Joint and cut the tails in convenient sized pieces, put them in a stewpan with the salt and cayenne and a bunch of sweet herbs; simmer gently for two and one-half hours, then take them out, drain them and let them cool; dip the pieces in egg, cover with bread crumbs, broil them over a clear fire till brightly browned.

TAPIOCA JELLY.

Wash a quarter of a pound of tapioca in cold water, put over a gentle fire in sufficient water to reach two inches above it; use a thick saucepan or a farina kettle, in order that it may cook very slowly without danger of it burning, or stir it thoroughly about every five minutes, if an ordinary saucepan is used; if, while the tapioca is cooking, the water is all absorbed, add half a cupful of cold water at a time, using only enough to keep the tapioca moist enough to prevent burning; when only very small white particles are visible in the center of the grains of tapioca, add, instead of more water, a pint of any fruit juice, or the syrup from canned or preserved fruit, and let it be slowly absorbed by the tapioca. Unless the fruit juice is quite sweet enough, sugar may be added, to make the tapioca palatable; when it has absorbed the fruit juice, turn it out into a plain earthen jelly mold or bowl, and let it get perfectly cold before using it. Milk and powdered sugar may be served with it; or it may be iced and eaten alone

RHUBARB JELLY WITH GELATINE.

Peel enough garden rhubarb to fill a quart mold, cut it in half-inch lengths, and stew it gently to a pulp with an equal weight of sugar; meantime dissolve half an ounce of any good gelatine in a gill of water over the fire; add it to the rhubard, when it is tender, and let it boil up; then pour the rhubarb into a jelly mold wet with cold water, and let it cool; when the jelly is quite cold and firm turn it out of the mold, and serve it with whipped cream, or with powdered sugar.

STEWED CURRANTS.

Use ripe, sound fruit; strip it from the stems and weigh it; allow half a pound of sugar to a pound of fruit and half a pint of cold water; boil the sugar and water gently for fifteen minutes, removing all scum as it rises; then put in the currants and boil them for ten minutes. After the currants have boiled for ten minutes, pour them, with syrup, into an earthen or china bowl, and cool them before using them.

NAME OF THE MAN FOUND NEAR LINDON ON FRIDAY.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* says that it is now believed that the body of the man found near the Linden boom Friday was that of the Frenchman drowned by the upsetting of the Queen's Run scow several weeks ago; at least the coroners' jury rendered a verdict to that effect. The inquest was held over the remains by Coroner Bell, of Lycoming county. His jurors were William Riddle, Samuel Riddle, Robert Riddle, John Gibson, H. C. Bennett and James Lynch. They made a close examination of the body and found that it was 5 feet, 11½ inches tall; weighed about 180 pounds, with sandy mustache. It was dressed in dark cassimere suit, congress gaiters and woolen socks. The shirt was woolen with zigzag stripe, cross bars in front and drawn together with gold lace. In the clothing was a key ring with name "John Hackett, Pennfield Pa.," stamped thereon. Boom Boss Lynch says that any one who had known the man would have recognized him by his features. In appearance the man was a Frenchman the jury rendered a verdict that the man was John Hackett, and that he met death by being overturned by the scow.

HOW THE MAN WAS FOUND.

Yesterday morning Watson Kline, a farmer, whose residence is close to the river about a half-mile above the Linden boom, saw the body among the brushes close to the shore from his upstairs window. He went to the spot, tied the body and notified the overseer of the poor of Susquehanna township.

After the inquest was held the body was buried by the overseers of Susquehanna township. The Lycoming county authorities will endeavor to learn if the unfortunate man has any relatives in this country. A trunk which the Frenchman on the scow left at Farrandsville will also be examined to see whether any information concerning the man can be found.

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A RETIRED BUSINESS WOMAN.

A Page From Her History.

The important experiences of others are interesting. The following is no exception: "I had been troubled with heart disease 25 years, much of that time very seriously. For five years I was treated by one physician continuously. I was in business, but obliged to retire on account of my health. A physician told my friends that I could not live a month. My feet and limbs were badly swollen, and I was indeed in a serious condition when a gentleman directed my attention to Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, and said that his sister, who had been afflicted with heart disease, had been cured by the remedy, and was again a strong, healthy woman. I purchased a bottle of the Heart Cure, and in less than an hour after taking the first dose I could feel a decided improvement in the circulation of my blood. When I had taken three doses I could move my ankles, something I had not done for months, and my limbs had been swollen so long that they seemed almost putrified. Before I had taken one bottle of the New Heart Cure the swelling had all gone down, and I was so much better that I did my own work. On my recommendation six others are taking this valuable remedy."—Mrs. Morgan, 569 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, a discovery of an eminent specialist in heart disease, is sold by all druggists on a positive guarantee, or sent by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind., on receipt of price, $1 per bottle, six bottles for $5, express prepaid. It is positively free from all opiates or dangerous drugs.

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THE HEIRESS.

This is the romance of a middle aged man—the romance of an old head and a young heart. I am gray haired and 40, and yet as I sit at my desk in the gloomy little office of Harman's mill a face comes between my eyes and the columns of figures in the dusty ledgers—a young face with clear, bright eyes—and I fall into a day dream and forget that I am old and poor and commonplace.

She is the only child of Jere Harman, the millionaire mill owner, and as gentle and good as she is beautiful.

I have watched her grow into womanhood. I have watched her character deepening and widening and developing toward the ideal of my dreams.

And all these years I have been learning to love her.

Surely love is not wholly waisted though it is hopeless. I am a better man that I have loved Nellie Harman.

No. I built no air castles.

I am 40 and she 18.

I am only her father's bookkeeper, and she is the heiress of millions.

* * * * * *

There was a time when little Nellie Harman rode on my shoulder, hunted my pockets for goodies and escaped her nurse's charge several times a day to toddle down to the mill in search of "her Jack Spencer." Later she brought her school tasks, the incorrigible Latin verbs and the unconquerable examples in fractions, to the same old friend, who was never too busy to be bothered by little Nellie Harman.

She is as unaffected and cordial in her friendliness as ever, and sometimes when she lays her hand on my arm and looks up into my face and asks why I come so seldom to the hall, and have I grown tired of old friends, of her—then I find it hard to answer lightly, to smile calmly, and I go away with a heartache.

The girl does not lack for friends. Grim, stern old Jere Harman's little bright faced child, motherless since her babyhood, long ago found a tender spot in the hearts of the village folk. In the cottages her face is as welcome as sunshine. The children hang on her gown, the women sing her praises, and the toughest millhand has always a civil word for her and a lift of the cap as she passes.

She has her young friends, too, among the country gentlefolk. Young Harry Desmond is often at the hall. It is rumored that he is the fortunate suitor of Jere Harman's heiress. He is a fresh faced, good hearted lad. Love is for youth, and they are young together.

Gray haired Jack Spencer, what have you to do with "love's young dream?"

* * * * * *

The strike!

The mill is shut down and the strikers gather in knots along the village street and discuss the situation. The cut rates have caused the trouble. Jere Harman is a hard man and a hard master. He holds the fate of these people in his hands. A few cents less to them, a few dollars more to him. This seemed to him to settle the question. The times were dull—he would reduce wages. The Harman mill operatives went out in a body.

The first day of the strike Big John, the weaver who headed the strikers, came to Jere Harman with a delegation to arbitrate the matter.

To them Harman said: "Return to work at my terms or stay out and starve. Monday I hire new hands if you are not back in your places. As long as I own this mill I shall be master here."

This was his final answer, and no words of mine, no warnings of the murmurs and threats that grow and deepen among the men, will shake his will.

There is talk of firing the mill among the mad brained ones, and Big John shakes his head.

"That were chopping the nose off to spite the face, men. If the mill were burned, how would that help us to work and wages? Nay. It must be other means."

"Aye, we must live, but if we do not get our rights by fair means we will have them by foul," cried another.

They mean mischief. I have warned Jere Harman, but he will not heed.

* * * * * *

The strike is over.

The night is ended, and I sit alone in the office in the gray dawn, sick and dizzy with the horrors of the night's experience. I shut my eyes, and the picture stands out before me—the dark night, the hall with its lights glowing out through the windows, the gay party of young people in the drawing room, the gleam of torches outside, the mob of desperate men, the angry, upturned faces. There was a tramp of feet, hoarse shouts, and a stone crashed through a window and shattered the chandelier.

The music stopped with a discordant crash. There was instant confusion, and above it all there were the hoarse cries of Jere Harman.

I sprang through the piazza window and faced the men. They knew me well, and Big John shouted:

"We've naught against you, John Spencer. We mean no harm to any, but the master must hear us. Bring out the master!"

"Come like honest men in daylight and talk it over calmly." I urged; "not by night like a mob of ruffians with stones for arguments."

Jere Harman had come out to them. They greeted him with an angry shout.

"We are to be put off no longer. It's our rights by fair means or by foul. Jere Harman?"

"Your rights"—began Jere Harman in his harsh, stern voice. I saw that Nellie Harman had slipped out to her father's side and laid her hand pleadingly on his shoulder. She did not fear the angry men, for willingly not one of them would have harmed a hair of her dainty head. I saw that she would have pleaded with her father to be gentle with them.

"Yes, our rights!" yelled a voice in the crowd with an awful oath. He was trunk or blind with rage—surely he did not see the girl at her father's side. A stone whizzed through the air. It might have been Jere Harman's deathblow; instead, it struck her. It cut a great, cruel gash just above the temple.

They sprang toward her—her friends, her lover—but Nellie Harman put her two hands out to me with a sharp, gasping cry.

"Jack, Jack!" she said, I caught her in my arms.

I have lived over the agony, the joy, of that moment all through the long, lonely hours of this night.

It was Big John himself who brought the doctor and cried like a child when they told him she was dying. His little crippled child she had loved and cared for, and it had died in her arms. "Aye, and that harm should have come to her, who was more good and innocent of wrong than the angels!" muttered Big John brokenly as he went away softened and sorrowful.

Jere Harman sent me out to tell the men that he had yielded, and in the silence of death they went away.

The strike is over.

As I sit here in the gray dawn, waiting, fearing, dreading the coming of the morning and the news it may bring, I hear the clatter of a horse's hoofs. It is a servant from the hall riding to the village on some errand.

"What news?" I call out hoarsely, and learn that the worst is over and that she will live.

* * * * * *

Nellie Harman hovered between life and death for long weeks, and I worked as I had never worked before. Jere Harman left much of the management of the mill in my hands, and I put heart and brain in the work, or I should have gone mad in those weeks with the longing to see her face. When she was well again, I spent many evenings at the Hall talking business with her father, who came seldom to the office in those days. He had broken in health with the recent troubles and had lost energy, but he was gentler and kinder than of old.

Harry Desmond was always there. I was but a dull guest. I could not endure his light heartedness, the triumph in his eyes, the happiness in his laugh. I could not endure that he should call her by name or smile on her.

I was a mad fool!

I told Jere Harman that I must go away, that I must have rest, change—a vacation. Gordon, the young foreman, could take my place, I urged, and he consented, though grudgingly.

The last evening I promised him to spend at the hall and go over the accounts with him.

Never had Nellie been brighter or gayer. I felt a vague pang that my going was so little to her.

It was early when Desmond left, and I immediately rose to go. Jere Harman grasped my hand cordially in farewell, and Nellie said simply "Goodby," and I went down the path slowly and sadly.

Suddenly I heard a light, flying step behind me as I reached the shadow of the trees.

It was Nellie.

I stepped back in the darkness. She stopped as if listening and then came toward me.

"I thought I should overtake you," she whispered, slipping her arm through mine. "Did you think I could let you go away tonight without a last word?" There was something in her voice, a tenderness, that explained all. She had come out to meet her lover, Desmond, and mistaken me for him in the darkness. But to have her so near was very sweet. She seemed not to care for speech. She was very still—just clasping my arm and leaning over so gently against my shoulder. The temptation was great—I was going away—just to take away with me the memory of a moment's heaven!

I kissed her.

"Forgive me," I pleaded desperately. "You thought me your lover, Desmond, and I was cruel, mad, to take that kiss. Nellie, forgive me,"

"But I kissed you, Jack," she whispered. "And you won't go—oh, Jack, you won't go when I love you so?"

Jack Spencer, gray haired and 40, commonplace and poor—she loved him!

That is my romance.—

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Between this and the other side of the broad Atlantic, in the shape of tourists, commercial travelers and mariners, agents "on the road," steamboat captains, ship's surgeons and "all sorts and conditions" of travelers, emigrant and new settlers appreciate and testify to the preventative and remedial properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in sea sickness, nausea, malarial and rheumatic trouble, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Against the prejudicial influences of climate, crudely cooked or unaccustomed diet and impure water, it is a sovereign safeguard, and has been so regarded by the traveling public for over a third of a century. No form of malarial fever, from the calentura of the Pacific and the broken bone fever of the Mississippi, to its milder types, can resist the curative action of this benignant preserver and restorer of health, a veritable boon to persons in feeble health or liable to incur disease.

TABLE TALK.

For June as usual, has its many attractive features and in addition unusual ones. Among the latter is a very interesting article on "Electrical Cooking" by Helen Louise Johnson, director of this department at the World's Fair. The "Housekeeper's Inquiry Department," also by Miss Johnson, is very large and instructive, containing fifty recipes in answer to requests from its progressive readers—a small cook book in itself. "How to Manage Coal Fires," by the very practical Mrs Grayson, is destined to be of much use to a great number to whom this has ever been one of the main perplexities of housekeeping. This magazine is published by Table Talk Publishing Co., 1113 Chestnut St., Philadelphia. $1.00 per year; single copies 10 cents.

Ripans Tabules: see advertisement.

The best builders use only the best materials—lumber, brick, lime, cement, sand—whatever goes into the construction of a building; they employ only the best workmen and pay the best wages; they get better prices for their work than their less careful competitors, and always get the best contracts; they paint their work with

Strictly Pure White Lead

manufactured by the "Old Dutch Process" of slow corrosion, and with one of the following standard brands:

"Armstrong & McKelvy" "Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock" "Davis-Chambers"

For colors they use the National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. These colors are sold in small cans, each being sufficient to tint twenty-five pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead the desired shade.

These brands of Strictly Pure White Lead and National Lead Co.'s Tinting Colors, are for sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., 1 Broadway, New York

Pittsburgh Branch, National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania Pittsburgh, Pa.

CLOTHES REPAIRED AND CLEANED.

I have opened a shop at corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, in old law office next door to residence of John P. Linn, where I am prepared to do repairing and cleaning of clothes. Orders by mail promptly attended to and satisfaction guaranteed. Give me a trial.

CHARLES McCLELLAN.

10-tf.

MILK PRESERVATIVE!

Milkmen, Dairymen and Creamerymen can keep Milk and Cream 5 to 7 days, sweet and fresh WITHOUT ICE. Simple, unfailing, tasteless and cheap. Sample to any address on receipt of 2c. postage. Patentees & Sole Mfrs. Preservalene Mfg. Co., 10 Cedar St., N. Y. 24-14-4t

DO YOU READ SHORT TALES? If so, buy "STORIETTES," the new Ten Cent Magazine, issued monthly. April number contains 14 Original Illustrated Copyright Tales by eminent authors; beautifully printed, in a handsome cover. If your dealer has not got it, send 10c. for specimen copy to the Storiette Publishing Co., 119 Potter Building, New York. 19 3t

PLUMBING, GAS AND STEAM FITTING.

R. J. SCHADD & BRO.

Shop at Steam Works, corner of Lamb and Spring streets, Bellefonte Pa.

We are prepared at all times to furnish all kinds of supplies—hydrants, sinks, bath tubs, water closets, pipe—both lead and cast and wrought iron, either plain or galvanized—brass and other fittings, and everything in the plumbing line.

WORK DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.

LOWEST PRICES AND ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

Telephone connection.

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A Woman's Back.

The mainspring of her life.

What can she do, where can she go, so long as that deadly backache saps both strength and ambition?

She cannot walk, she cannot stand; her duties are burdensome; she is miserable.

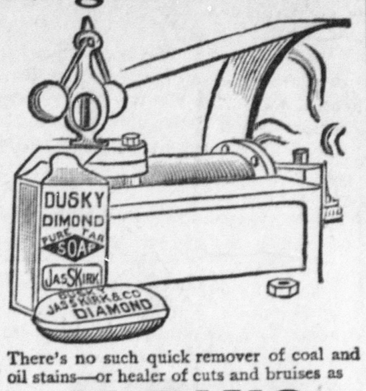
The cause is some derangement of the uterus or womb. Backache is the sure symptom.

The one unfailing remedy is *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.* A woman discovered it and gave it to woman. *Mrs. T. W. Lane, of Holyoke, Mass.*, tells what a comfort it is to write to a woman about her peculiar troubles, and have a woman read her letters and give a woman's sympathy and help. Thousands send Mrs. Pinkham letters, grateful for renewed life.

All druggists sell it. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.*

Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham

Engineers!



There's no such quick remover of coal and oil stains—or healer of cuts and bruises as

KIRK'S DUSKY DIAMOND TAR SOAP

because of its high percentage of tar.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

White Russian Soap A Pure Soap; Contains No Adulteration.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

The Consumptive and Feeble and all who suffer from exhausting diseases should use Parker's Ginger Tonic. It cures the worst Cough, Weak Lungs, Debility, Indigestion, Female Weakness, Rheumatism and Pain. 50c. & $1.

HINDERCORNS. The only sure cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Makes walking easy. 15cts. at Druggists.

HUMPHREYS'

For Piles—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding; Fistula in Ano; Itching or Bleeding of the Rectum. The relief is immediate—the cure certain.

For Burns, Scalds and Ulceration and Contraction from Burns. The relief is instant—the healing wonderful and unequaled.

WITCH HAZEL OIL

For Boils, Hot Tumors, Ulcers, Fistulas, Old Sores, Itching Eruptions, Chafing or Scald Head. It is Infallible.

For Inflamed or Caked Breasts and Sore Nipples. It is invaluable.

Price, 50 Cents. Trial size, 25 Cents.

Sold by Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price. HUMPHREYS' MED. CO., 111 & 113 William St., NEW YORK.

THE PILE OINTMENT

BOOTS & SHOES.

JOHN M. COBLE, LEMONT, CENTRE COUNTY, PENNA

Ladies' and Gentlemen's Boots and Shoes made to order, at two dollars less a pair than the same can be purchased in Bellefonte or any other large town.

First class work and material. Nothing cheap but the price. Satisfaction guaranteed in fit and style.

All I ask is one trial, I know that after that I shall have your trade.

CALL ON OR ADDRESS AS ABOVE

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CANN'S KIDNEY CURE.

Cures Bright's Disease, Dropsy, Gravel, Nervousness, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases. Known by a tired, languid feeling; inaction of the kidneys weakens and poisons the blood and unless cause is removed you cannot have health. Cured me over five years ago of Brights Disease and Dropsy—MRS. I. L. C. MILLER, Bethlehem, Pa. 1,000 other similar testimonials. Try it. Cure guaranteed.

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Sold by all Reliable Druggists. 24.14.26t.eow

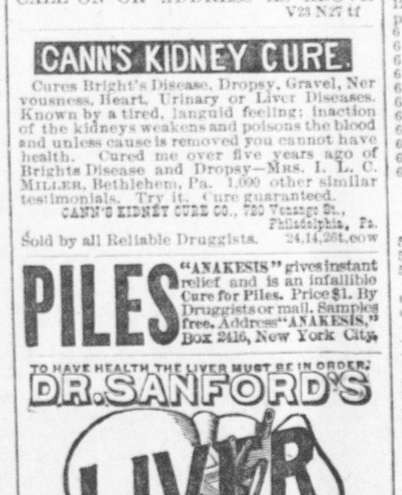
PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

TO HAVE HEALTH THE LIVER MUST BE IN ORDER.

DR. SANFORD'S LIVER INVIGORATOR

Cures thousands annually of Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Malaria. More Ills result from an Unhealthy Liver than any other cause. Why suffer when you can be cured? Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator is a celebrated family medicine.

YOUR DRUGGIST WILL SUPPLY YOU.



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FAT FOLKS REDUCED From 15 to 25 lbs. per month by harmless herbal remedies that do not injure the health or interfere with one's business or pleasure. It builds up and improves the general health, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. No wrinkles or flabbiness follow this treatment. Endorsed by physicians and leading society ladies. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

RAILROADS

BALD EAGLE VALLEY RAILROAD.—TIME Table, Dec. 19, 1892.

STATIONS	Dis	WESTWARD A.M	A.M	P.M
LOCK HAVEN		4 40	9 25	4 15
Flemington—f	1.8	4 43	9 29	4 18
Mill Hall	3.0	4 46	9 31	4 21
Beech Creek	8.3	4 56	9 42	4 33
Eagleville—f	9.9	4 59	9 45	4 45
Howard	14.5	5 07	9 54	4 50
Mt. Eagle—f	17.7	5 14	10 02	4 57
Curtin	19.9	5 18	10 09	5 05
Milesburg	23.5	5 25	10 18	5 15
BELLEFONTE	25.2	5 35	10 28	5 25
Milesburg	25.5	5 45	10 38	5 38
Snow Shoe Int	24.8	5 46	10 43	5 43
Unionville	28.5	5 55	10 51	6
Julian	32.9	6 05	11 00	6
Martha	37.0	6 13	11 09	6
Port Matilda	40.4	6 21	11 17	6
Hannah—f	43.7	6 28	11 25	6
Fowler—f	45.0	6 30	[illegible]	6
Dix—f	46.3	6 32	11 32	6
Bald Eagle	49.3	6 38	11 38	6
Vail	51.2	6 42	11 43	6
East Tyrone	53.0	6 45	11 46	6
TYRONE	54.3	6 52	11 55	6

STATIONS	Dis	EASTWARD A.M	P. M.	P.M.
TYRONE		8 10	3 10	7 25
East Tyrone	1.3	8 17	3 17	7 32
Vail	3.1	8 20	3 20	7 35
Bald Eagle	5.0	8 25	3 24	7 39
Dix—f	8.0	8 30	3 30	7 45
Fowler—f	9.3	8 32	3 33	7 48
Hannah—f	10.6	8 36	3 37	7 52
Port Matilda	13.9	8 43	3 44	7 59
Martha	17.3	8 51	3 52	8 07
Julian	21.4	8 59	4 01	8 16
Unionville	25.8	9 10	4 10	8 25
Snow Shoe Int	29.5	9 18	4 17	8 32
Milesburg	30.8	9 22	4 20	8 35
BELLEFONTE	33.5	9 32	4 30	8 45
Milesburg	30.8	9 47	4 40	9 00
Curtin	34.4	9 56	4 46	9 07
Mt Eagle—f	36.6	10 02	4 50	9 15
Howard	39.8	10 09	4 57	9 22
Eagleville—f	44.4	10 17	5 15	9 30
Beech Creek	45.0	10 20	5 08	9 33
Mill Hall	51.3	10 34	5 19	9 44
Flemington	52.5	10 34	5 24	9 47
LOCK HAVEN	54.3	10 37	5 25	9 50

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD Time Table in effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Westward Dis.		Stations	Dis.	Eastward A.M	P.M
P.M	A.M				
4 50	10 00	SCOTIA	25.6	9 21	4 40
5 05	10 18	5.3 Fairbrook	20.3	9 09	4 25
5 15	10 28	8.7 Penns. Furnace	16.9	8 56	4 15
5 21	10 34	10.6 Hostler f	15.0	8 50	4 08
5 26	10 46	12.3 Marengo f	13.3	8 48	4 01
5 32	10 52	13.5 Loverille f	12.1	8 37	3 55
5 39	10 58	15.2 Furnace Road f	10.4	8 31	3 49
5 43	11 02	15.8 Dungarvin f	9.8	8 27	3 46
5 53	11 10	18.2 Warriors Mark	7.4	8 19	3 38
6 03	11 20	20.5 Pennington	5.1	8 10	3 30
6 15	11 32	23.5 Stover	2.1	7 58	3 19
6 25	11 40	25.6 TYRONE		7 50	3 18

BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE RAILROAD.—Time Table, Dec. 19 1892.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 6.45 a m; arrives at Bellefonte at 8.45 a m.

Leaves Bellefonte at 10.35 a m; arrives at Snow Shoe at 12.16 p m.

Leaves Snow Shoe at 3.00 p m arrives at Bellefonte at 4.50 p m.

Leaves Bellefont at 5.25 p m. arrives at Snow Shoe at 7.00 p m.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE R. R.—BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R. To take effect Dec. 19th, 1892.

Dis. Westward					Eastward		
	a.m.	p.m.			a.m.	a.m.	p.m
.0	5.45	2.00	MONTANDON		5.30	9.10	4 55
1.5	6.15	2.08	Ar. LEWISBURG	Lv	5.20	9.00	4 47
1.5	6.15	2.08	Lv. LEWISBURG	Ar	.....	9.00	4 47
5.4	6.23	2.17	Biehl f		.....	8.52	4 39
6.8	6.28	2.22	Vicksburg f		.....	8.47	4 35
10.7	6.37	2.31	MIFFLINBURG		.....	8.38	4 27
13.1	6.42	2.36	Barber f		.....	8.33	4 22
15.2	6.47	2.41	Swengle f		.....	8.27	4 17
16.1	7.50	3.45	Millmont		.....	8.25	4.15
18.6	7.58	3.51	GLEN IRON		.....	8.17	4 07
22.5	7.07	3.00	Pardee f		.....	8.08	3.59
28.9	7.18	3.11	Cherry Run f		.....	7.57	3.48
32.2	7.27	3.29	Paddy Mt. Tunnel f		.....	7.48	3.40
32.9	7.31	3.23	Ingleby f		.....	7.45	3.37
36.6	7.38	4.39	Coburn		.....	7.38	3.30
39.6	7.45	4.37	Zerby f		.....	7.30	3.23
43.4	7.55	4.47	Rising Springs		.....	7.21	3.14
46.2	8.02	4.53	Penn's Cave f		.....	7.14	3.07
49.2	8.09	4.01	CENTRE HALL		.....	7.06	3.01
51.6	8.16	4.07	Gregg f		.....	7.00	2.54
54.6	8.23	4.13	Linden Hall		.....	6.52	2 47
56.7	8 2	4.18	OAK HALL		.....	6.47	2 42
58.3	8.32	4.22	LEMONT		.....	6.43	2 37
60.2	8.37	4.27	Dale Summit f		.....	6.38	2 33
63.9	8 47	4 37	Pleasant Gap f		.....	6 28	2 23
65.2	8 59	4 40	Axeman f		.....	6.25	2 20
67.4	8 55	4 45	BELLEFONTE		.....	6.20	2.15

For rates, maps, etc., call on ticket agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. PREVOST, Aen'l Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen. Pass. Agt.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD.—On and after Monday, April 4th, 1892, trains will run as follows, leaving the Pennsylvania Railroad station.

EASTWARD 12	10	8	1	2		WESTWARD 1	3	7	9	11
pm	pm	pm	am	am	Ar——Lv	am	am	am	pm	pm
6 35		3 50		9 05	Bellefont	6 30		10 30		4 40
6 28		3 44		8 59	Coleville	6 37		10 35		4 45
6 25		3 41		8 56	Morris	6 40		10 38		4 48
6 22		3 38		8 52	Whitmer	6 44		10 43		4 51
6 19		3 35		8 49	Linns	6 47		10 46		4 54
6 17		3 33		8 47	Hunters	6 50		10 48		4 56
6 14		3 31		8 44	Filmore	6 53		10 52		5 00
6 11		3 28		8 40	Sellers	6 57		10 56		5 03
6 09		3 26		8 38	Briarly	7 00		10 58		5 05
6 05	6 00	3 23	8 25	8 36	Waddle	7 05	7 10	11 01	5 10	5 10
6 02	5 50	3 20	8 20	8 30	Mattern J	7 08	7 14	11 03	5 13	5 12
	5 46		8 17		Graysdale	7 19		5 16		
	5 43		8 12		Mattern	7 24		5 20		
	5 40		8 05		Stormstown	7 29		5 23		
	5 35		8 00		Red Bank	7 35		5 30		
5 51		3 08		8 18	Krumr'ne	7 21		11 13		5 24
5 48		3 05		8 14	Struble	7 24		11 17		5 27
5 45		3 00		8 10	St. College	7 30		11 20		5 30

Train 2 connects with trains east and west on B. E. V. R. R. and S. S. branch, and train 8 connects with train east on B. E. V. R. R.

THOMAS A. SHOEMAKER, Supt.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD (Philadelphia and Erie Division.)—On and after Dec. 18th, 1892.

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Phila daily		11 20 p m
"	" Harrisburg	"	3 30 a m
"	" William'port	"	7 10 a m
"	" Jersey Shore	"	7 31 a m
"	" Lock Haven	"	7 55 a m
"	" Renovo	"	8 55 a m
"	arrives Erie	"	3 40 p m
NIAGRA EX.	l'ves Phila week d'ys.		8 50 a m
"	" Harrsburg	"	12 10 p m
"	arrives at Wmsport	"	3 00 p m
"	" Lock Haven	"	4 10 p m
"	" Renovo	"	5 15 p m
"	" Kane	"	9 20 p m
Passengers by this train arrive in Bellefonte at			5 15 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Phila. week days.		11 40 a m
"	" Harrisburg	"	3 45 p m
"	" Williamsport	"	7 10 p m
"	arrives at Lock Haven	"	8 02 p m
"	" Renovo	"	9 00 p m
NEWS EX	l'ves Philadelphia daily		4 30 a m
"	" Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	" Williamsport		11 29 a m
"	arrives at Lock Haven		12 15 p m
Wms'port Ex.	l'vs Phila. week days		4 35 p m
"	" Harrisburg		7 55 p m
"	arrive Williamsport		10 40 p m
Rochester Exp.	leaves Phila. w'k d's		9 20 p m
"	" Harrisb'g		12 30 a m
"	arrives Williamsp't		3 25 a m
Williamsp't	leaves Phila. Sun. only		2 25 p m
"	" Harrisb'g		5 25 p m
"	arrives Williamsp't		8 35 p m

EASTWARD.

Sea Shore Express	l'vs L Haven w		7 15 a m
"	" Jersey Shore		7 41 a m
"	" Wms'port		8 15 a m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		11 30 a m
"	" Phila		3 00 p m
DAY EX.	leaves Kane week days		6 30 a m
"	Renovo		10 20 a m
"	Lock Haven		11 20 a m
"	Williamsport		12 30 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		3 30 p m
"	" Philadelphia		6 50 p m
ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie daily		3 25 p m
"	" Renovo		10 35 p m
"	" Lock Haven		11 25 p m
"	" Williamsport		12 25 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		3 22 p m
"	" Philadelphia		6 50 p m
EXP. NO. 6	leaves Erie		7 25 a m
"	" Kane		11 10 a m
"	" leaves Renovo		4 45 p m
"	arrives at Harrisburg		10 05 p m
"	" Philadelphia		4 25 a m
WMS'PORT EXP.	lv.s Wms'port		3 25 a m
"	" arrives at Harrisburg		6 10 a m
"	arrives at Philadelphia		10 20 a m
Philada. Accom.	leaves Williamsp't		4 00 p m
"	" Harrisburg		7 30 p m
"	" arrives Philada. at		10 35 p m

Erie Mail West, Niagra Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R. at Corry with B. P. & W. N. N.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R. and at Driftwood with B. V. R. R.

LSON Passenger Agent

Bellefonte Republican.

The Best Advertising Medium in Central Pennsylvania.

A forty-eight column paper devoted to the interests of the Republican party. Published at Bellefonte, Pa., at $1.50 per annum

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3m	6m	1y
One inch (12 lines this type)	$ 5	$ 8	$ 12
Two inches	7	10	15
Three inches	10	15	20
Four inches	11	17	25
Quarter column	12	20	30
Half column	20	35	55
One column	35	55	100

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cents per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial notices, in our local columns, 25 cents per line for each insertion.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding 10 lines this type, $8 per annum.

All advertisements for a less term than three months 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

Advertisers and especially Advertising Agents, are respectfully informed that no notice will be taken of orders to insert advertisments at less rates than the above, nor will any notice be given to orders of parties unknown to the publisher, unless accompanied by the cash EDWARD T. TUTEN.

A SPECIAL MEETING OF COUNCIL.

Last Friday afternoon a special meeting of the Bellefonte Council met in the office of John C. Miller, Esq., to entertain a proposition from T. E. Townsend, of Springfield, Ohio, to furnish the town with a road roller. The members present were Potter, Williams, Dartt, Garman, Bauer, Bush and Gerbrick. The clerk being absent John C. Miller was chosen to act pro. tem. President Potter stated the object for which the meeting had been called, viz: to consider the advisability of purchasing a steam road roller. Mr. Townsend then spoke of the machine he has to sell. He represents the firm of O. S. Kelley & Co., of Springfield. Of course he was a smooth talker and what he said went a good ways to convert any who were weak in the faith. Messrs. Bush and Dartt are enthusiastic supporters of the scheme and will do all they can to have the council make the purchase. The cost of the machine will be $3,500 and the supporters of the movement propose to loan the borough the money at five per cent. Mr. Townsend made a proposition to furnish a twelve ton and a half machine for $3,650 or a ten ton machine for $3,000. Dr. Dartt moved, and it was seconded by Geo. Bush, that the council enter into an agreement with the O. S. Kelly & Co., of Springfield, Ohio, whereby they would bring one of their twelve ton machines here for inspection, and if satisfactory that it purchase the same for the price of $3,650; $600 to be paid in cash and the balance in yearly payments of $500, with 5 per cent interest. Dartt, Miller and solicitor Dale were selected to draw up the papers.

It is said that if broken stone are put upon the street this roller will roll them down as smooth as a plank floor. There is no need of putting dirt over them as the roller will crush the top stones down and make a smooth surface as stated above. That such a road will not wash, and that when piece of road is fixed in this way it will stay so. The advocators of the scheme also claim that the roller can be rented to other towns at a profit and that a crusher can be hired from near by towns to crush stone and the use of the crusher paid for in rent of the roller. That the street committee propose to spend less money with this machine than is now spent and that with the usual appropriation for the repair of streets money can be saved to pay for the roller. Of course the matter will come up at a regular meeting of the council, as there is some doubt whetner the action of this special meeting would be legal. If this roller will do what the friends of this movement claim it will, it would seem as though the purchase might be a matter of economy in the end.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY FOR PROTECTION BEFORE THE WAR.

Some further interesting proof as to the early Protectionist attitude of the Republican party, which we were discussing the other day with our neighbor, the *Herald*, is afforded by a statement of a Republican leader old in years, but strong in zeal and loyalty—ex-Governor Boutwell of Massachusetts. He says:

"The Protective policy as a policy had its origin in the Morril Tariff of 1861. It was not the incident nor the necessity of the war. I was a member of the Chicago Convention of 1860, which nominated Mr. Lincoln, and I was a member of the Committee on Resolutions, of which Carl Schurz, then of Wisconsin, was a member also. We prepared and reported unanimously to the convention the following resolution, which, by the vote of the convention, became the 12th article of the platform."

And then Mr. Boutwell quotes the famous declaration that, "while providing revenue for the support of the Government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of the imposts as to encourage the development of the industrial interests of the whole country." The *Herald* says that this resolution "met with opposition," and was "reluctantly adopted." Ex-Governor Boutwell says that it was "prepared and reported unanimously," and that it, "by the vote of the convention, became the 12th article of the platform." He notes neither "opposition" nor "reluctance." The *Herald* says that the resolution was "perfunctary" and "non-committal." But the Republican party had already committed itself on the Tariff issue by something stronger than wards—by legislation. Chiefly by Republican votes the first Morrill Tariff bill had passed the House of Representatives. It subsequently passed the Senate and became a law. Platform promises could be misunderstood, but there could be no misunderstanding of the significance of a measure which, as Professor Taussig says, "began a change toward a higher range of duties and a stronger application of Protection."—*Boston Journal.*

Tallor-Made Costume for Promenade.

THE STORY OF THE MILLENNIUM.

A fascinating picture of the possibilities of future development on the earth and of the condition of mankind in the ten thousandth century, when interplanetary communication has been established and the "dream of the ages" become a reality, is one of the special features of DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE for June. It is compiled from the records of the Optimists' Club, an organization established for foretelling the future of the world, and the unique illustrations tell the story as vividly as the words. If one admires pictures of handsome women,—and who does not?—over a scroe of them may be seen in the same number, illustrating "Society Leaders of Indiana." In "Familiar Talks on the Different Schools of Art" we are introduced to the Venetian and Spanish painters and many of their most noted works. "The French Embassy and the European Legations" are treated of in a superbly illustrated arttcle. "The Diary of an Athletic Girl" tells all about tennis teas and tennis dresses; from "A Caravan Outing" one learns about the newest and moet charming way of spending a vacation; and if the suggestions in "Summer Furnishing" and The Guest-Room" are carried out one may be sure of having an attractive home for the hot werther. The story of "A Victim of the Bargain Counter" will appeal to many a victim; the other stories are all good, and the numerous departments replete with helpful matter. DEMOREST'S always contains plenty to interest every member of the family; and is published for only $2 a year, by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th St., New York.

—John Martz, the janitor of the Y. M. C. A. building in Bellefonte, has been blessed by the addition of a boy baby to his family.

Pitcher's Castoria.

WHEN YOU NEED

CLOTHING

COME TO SEE US.

We have the Largest Stock that can be found in this part of the State.

We have Boys' Suits from $1.25 up to the finest.

We have Men's Suits from 3.00 up to the finest, to 15.00 and 20.00.

We have the biggest line of young men's stylish suits—brown cheviot, black cheviot, blue cheviot, at 8.00, 10.00 and 12.00.

We have all the new style Serge Suits, black, blue, brown, mixed, at 6.00, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 12.00 & 15.00.

We are sole agents for the Douglas Shoes, for boys and men, every pair warranted. Boys 1.75, 2.00, 2.50; Mens 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 4.00 and 5.00. If they do not give you satisfaction, get another pair.

We have tan and russet shoes for boys and girls, men and women.

We have the greatest line of Dry Goods and Dress Goods—ginghams, sateens, serges, tricots, &c.

Ladies Blazers from 2.00 up.

LADIES COATS AND WRAPS, 50 different styles, with or without capes, 2.00, 2,50, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00, 10.00.

SEND FOR SAMPLES OF DRESS GOODS.

LYON & CO

WEEKLY FINANCIAL REVIEW.

NEW YORK, May 27, 1893.

So far as respects the local machinery of finance, there has been some improvement of conditions during the past week. The further large recovery of the surplus reserves shown in the bank statement of the 20th instant has had a decidedly assuring effect. It meant that, from now until the usual Fall demand for currency for moving the crops, the reserves are likely to stand in an unusually strong position and that, when that demand comes, the banks are likely to be well situated for meeting it. The general inference from this is that a reasonable probability is established for the money market maintaining a fairly easy condition henceforth and for the remainder of the year.

This naturally has an assuring effect, for it favors the probability of holders of sound securities being able to satisfy all their borrowing wants on good terms for several months to come. The removal of doubt upon this point is an important gain; but it is not a cure all. There are certain doubtful factors affecting the market; such as the caution and disability of operators after the late severe shock, the tactics of the pessimist traders, the outcome in London of the great Australian failures, the partial depression of business at home, and the weak spots among a class of interior concerns.

Factors like these must have their influence upon the Stock Market, and may be expected to check a speedy recovery of prices. But it would be an exaggeration of their importance to conclude that they legitimately forbid any advance beyond the present level of values. It is to be considered that prices now range but little above the panic level; that the railroads are making good earnings and are likely to continue to do so for some months ahead; that the competing supply of new investments coming upon the market is far below the average and is likely to remain so for some time; that, in periods of low quotations like the present, investors are apt to exchange bonds and other investments for railroad stocks which are relatively cheaper; and that when the London market has recovered from its Australian shock, the demand there for Americans is likely to revive. These facts constitute an element of resiliency which is likely not only to hold transient downward reactions in check, but also to exert a steady lifting force upon prices; and that tendency has been manifest in the improved tone of the market during the last half of this week, both abroad and at home.

The world's crop prospects have lately shown an improvement highly encouraging. In April a general failure of Winter wheat seemed almost inevitable, with the result of a serious deficiency in the supply of that staple. Now, in England and most of the Continental countries, the probabilities favor about an average crop and even Russia affords promise of a leap from a famine yield to a good average output. In this country, wheat shows a recovery from the conditions upon which a crop of 440,000,000 bushels has been predicted, while Spring wheat and corn planting are promising favorably. This change may not favor the interests of the speculative holders who are now carrying a large surplus from our last year's wheat crop; but that is a small offset against the universal benefits arising from cheap food the world over.

The most depressing circumstance with which this centre has at present to contend is found in the state of trade in the interior. This condition seems to have originated almost entirely in the late monetary scare and the attendant collapse of the "industrials." It had been preceded by a sound, conservative and fairly active and profitable condition of trade. The scare suggested by the large gold exports, the drain upon the Treasury gold reserve, and the sharp precautions of our local banks, together caused the Eastern and interior banks to contract their accommodation to customers, and suddenly the financial sky became lowering and black from Maine to California. In this way credit has become suddenly paralyzed in every section; the weak spots in trade, in financing and in banking have been roughly probed, and a large amount of failures have been precipitated. It is safe to say, however, of these suspensions that, in a large majority of the cases, they have not arisen from real insolvency but from a sudden and more or less indiscriminate withdrawal of the usual credit facilities. Considering the severity and the universality of this contraction of credit, the wonder is that its effects in the way of suspensions have not been much more numerous. This evidence of the soundness of the general commercial situation should pass for something with those incontient timidity in lending has done so much towards producing this condition of things. There is evidence enough to show that those fears have exceeded any real occasion; and the true course, at the present stage, for the New York banks to their solvent merchant customers, is to make their present large surplus more freely available. The only possible result of a different policy must be to further aggravate a situation already made needlessly severe. The present discrimination against the mercantile community at our large centres may, unless speedily moderated, needlessly bring many more to the verge of suspension. The situation is one that calls for a broard and intelligent comprehension of the real condition of business and for a judgment that understands how to protect the lender by protecting the borrower. A little more of that policy would soon produce a great change in the tone and condition of business throughout the country at large.

For the present, we deem it safe to buy moderately of good stocks on the downward turns.

HENRY CLEWS.

Shoots it on the Spot— ST. JACOBS OIL is the Sworn enemy of Pain. It fights to Kill. It wins its Battles and Comes off Conqueror.

AN ORNAMENT TO THE PROFESSION.

The political orator was just warming up to his subject.

"Gentlemen," he said impressively, "the great party of freedom—the party that has upheld the dignity of the American eagle and strengthened it so that it is now able to flap its wings in the face of the British lion, or any other animal on the European continent—made no mistake when it nominated that able and representative citizen William Montgomery Blinks, for alderman from this ward. A young man of sterling integrity and progressive ideas, he entered upon the study of law soon after graduating from one of the free schools with which this glorious country is blessed, and upon being admitted to the bar he at once became an ornament to his profession—I beg your pardon, sir, did you say anything?"

"I did," replied the tall, angular man in the back of the hall.

"May I ask you to repeat the remark? I didn't quite catch it."

"I said you were right"——

"Certainly, sir. I am glad you"——

"He's been an ornament to the profession, I suppose, but that's all. He never has been any use to it. And, gentlemen, are we looking for ornaments to put on the ticket?"—Detroit *Free Press.*

JOHN SHAW.

LISTEN, YE AGED!

"Cheerful and Happy at 79!"

NERVOUS PROSTRATION OF

Eight Years' Standing

CURED BY TEN BOTTLES!

THE FOLLOWING FROM A GENTLEMAN SO WELL-KNOWN AS THOROUGHLY RELIABLE PROVES THAT "DANA'S IS THE KIND THAT CURES."

SOUTH PEABODY, MASS.,

TO THE PROPRIETOR OF DANA'S SARSAPARILLA:—

Eight years ago last March, I was stricken with **Nervous Prostration.** THE Weary days and sleepless nights followed. I **suffered extremely** from affection of the **Kidneys** and **Stomach,** was not able to attend to business of any kind, felt no desire for company, and at last **became wholly unfitted for the slightest duties,** KIND life was a burden to me.

I was attended by skilled Physicians who told me finally that **there was no help for me.**

Since taking your Medicine I have **fully recovered.** I have taken **ten bottles** according to the printed directions, and from being hopeless and discouraged, am now **cheerful and happy,** and although I am 79 years of age in February next, I am able to and do THAT **work every day,** as my well-kept garden and the general appearance of improvement about my grounds will abundantly testify.

I do not fail to recommend your Medicine to all afflicted of whom I may hear, and consider myself **a living testimonial** of the **wonderful efficacy** of DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. CURES

Yours truly,

JOHN SHAW.

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

The Repair Shop of the Human System is the

LIVER.

If it is Kept Active HEALTH will result IF NOT—DISEASE.

Manners

DOUBLE EXTRACT

SARSAPARILLA

Cures Liver Troubles by cleansing the blood Through the Bowels, the Natural Channel, and not through the Skin, thus driving out all Impurities.

50¢ PER BOTTLE.

THE WORLD OVER.

MFG BY THE MANNERS SARSAPARILLA CO. BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

When you feel all tired out and broken up generally, you need a good tonic. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best. Try it.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED by Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Successful where all remedies fail. Ills. book and proofs free. Address F. HISCOX, 653 Bdw., N. Y. 14-41

WANTED.—Salesman; salary and expenses from star; steady work; good chance for advancement. BROWN BROS. CO., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Centre county.—In the matter of the estate of Henry Meyer, Sr., late of Harris township, deceased. The undersigned, an auditor appointed by said Court to hear and pass upon the exceptions filed to the administrator's account, restates said account in account in accordance with his finding and to make distribution of the balance in the hands of the accountant to and among those legally entitled thereto, will meet for the purposes of his appointment, all parties in interest, at his office in Bellefonte, Pa., on Friday, the 9th day of June, 1893, at 9.30 a. m. Parties interested will please take notice and present their claims or they will be debarred from coming in on said fund.

20-3t JOHN KLINE, Auditor.

CHARTER NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Wednesday, June 15, 1893, by James A. Beaver, John W. Shaw, Wm. Frear, Jas H. Potter, S. M. Buck, George L. Potter and others, under an Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 24th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the charter of an intended corporation to be entitled The University Hotel Company, the character and object of which is the owning, erecting, conducting, leasing or carrying on a hotel; and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of the said Act of Assembly and its various supplements.

22 3t JAS. A. BEAVER, Solicitor.

60,00 TIES WANTED.

Proposals will be received by The Central Railroad of Pennsylvania for furnishing 60,000 White Oak and Rock Oak Ties, to be delivered immediately along the line of its railroad from Bellefonte to Mill Hall, as now surveyed and located through Nittany Valley. All ties are to be 8½ feet in length, 7 inches in thickness, and No. 1's not less than 7 inches face and No. 2's not less than 6 inches in face. For further particulars apply to

J. W. Gephart,

Supt. of Construction

May 8th, 1893. BELLEFONTE, PA.

THE DAVIS!

What is The Davis? The best Sewing Machine on earth.

It is the only vertical feed sewing machine ever made.

It sews through thick and thin, without any change of feed; which is the only feed, which will move one thickness or a dozen thicknesses of the same goods and sew the same without making any change.

It has all the attachments. It is light running. It is very durable and we guarantee it to be a long lived machine.

It is a beautiful piece of furuiture and an ornament in any household.

Reader, if you want to make your wife happy, present her with a Davis Sewing Machine.

Young man, if you want to make a present to your sister or to some other young man's sister, a Davis Sewing Machine will make your attachment doubly strong and make you twice as happy.

We challenge any other sewing machines to meet the Davis in a contest, as to the real merits of each, and will be glad to make a public exhibition in practical and fancy sewing. If three or more machines will accept this challenge, we will furnish the room free of charge, including light and heat for that purpose.

We invite all persons interested in the best Sewing machines to call at our store and examine the Davis; when we will take great pleasure in exhibiting the machine and explaining its merits.

McCALMONT & CO.

47 1f

W. C. T. U. COLUMN.

EDITED BY MRS M. P. TUTEN.

CENTRE COUNTY AND BELLEFONTE LOCAL OFFICERS.

President—Mrs John P. Harris.
Vice Pres.—Mrs. James Harris.
Secretary—Miss Eliza Thomas.
Treasurer—Mrs. D. D. Mitchell.

Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. is held every Thursday at 4 o'clock P. M. in the W. C. T. U. rooms, No. 20, Criders Exchange.

Gospel temperance meeting every Sunday afternoon at 2.30 at the same place.

A cordial invitation to attend these meetings is extended to all.

Sewing school every Saturday afternoon from 2 to 4; also held at room 20. To this school children are earnestly invited.

The exchange is open every Friday at 3 P. M. in the rooms of the Y. M. C. A in Criders Exchange. A good variety of bread pies, puddings, cake and candy always on hand. Orders for Sunday dinner deserts promptly filled.

THE Evans Dispensary bill, passed by the South Carolina Legislature at its last session, and which puts the sale of liquor in South Carolina entirely under control of the State officials after July 1, will go into effect without any strong opposition from the courts. The counsel engaged to make up a test case in behalf of the liquor dealers of the State have reported against the advisability of resisting the enforcement of the law in the courts.

A NEW era in the history of the liquor traffic in the State of South Carolina will be inaugurated after July 1. Whether it will be an improvement upon the past so far as the evils of strong drink are concerned, remains to be seen. After July no liquor or beer will be sold in South Carolina except by the State. Four of the most eminent legal firms of the State have just decided the matter. Soon after the law at the last session of the Legislature the liquor dealers of the State formed an association and employed counsel to test its constitutionality. These counsel have filed their opinion. They advise the liquor dealers to prepare to meet the law as valid and constitutional on and after July 1, and that, in view of the heavy penalties prescribed by the act, they can not advise them to continue selling liquors after July 1, but on the contrary, advise them to comply with the statute until it has been declared invalid. To test the constitutionality of the statute on the ground of Federal prohibition of discrimination, the counsel advise that proper proceedings be taken to test that question, but that pending such proceedings, and the determination thereof, the provisions of the State law be carefully observed. The counsel say that the statute can only be tested after July 1 by the attempt of the State or any of its officers to seize and sell liquors manufactured in another State and exposed for sale here by some one who has obtained and holds a license to sell liquors.

A DECORATION DAY AT HOME.

"Oh, *hum!* I don't want to stay here—I don't! I don't! I want to go with the rest, I do! Just see that blue sky, and the bluffs are *covered* with flowers—and—and—Well, what's the use of fussing? The blue sky isn't *all* over at the cemetery, and I'll see if I can't act more like a fifteen-year-old girl than a five-year-old baby, so there, now!" and pretty Jessie Armstrong stamped one foot so emphatically that she scared the white kitten lying asleep in her lap.

"Talking to yourself, Jessie?" asked her mother, coming out to the wide veranda and sitting down on the step beside her daughter.

"Yes'm; sputtering a little because I cannot go over there," waving her hand to the green hills in the distance, on whose sides, among the shadows, rested those who had gone home to God. "The soldiers' graves will be beautiful to-day," continued the girl. "Every one I know is taking flowers, and there were quite so many flowers before as there are this year. Oh, why *did* I sprain my ankle just now? I don't believe even you can find any good in such a catastrophe as that. But I'll be a dood dirl,' as Baby Bell says. Where is she? Asleep? I can take care of her, anyhow, these days, when I can't hobble around much, so my pain will mean some rest for you motherdie!"

Just then pattering feet were heard in the hall behind them, and Baby Bell, fresh from her nap, ran with out stretched hands and gurgling laugh to throw herself pellmell against mother and sister.

Decoration Day was always a happy time in the pretty little town where Jessie Bell had always lived—a happy time, and yet a tenderly sad one, for there were a great many graves where boys in blue and boys in gray were laid. People will never forget how bravely soldiers fought, North and South, so many years ago, and every one loves to help to cover the quiet graves with beautiful flowers.

Mrs. Armstrong went back to the work that was awaiting her, while Baby Bell and Jessie sat together. Pretty soon a little boy about Bell's size peered through the fence palings, and said in a timid voice, "H'lo!" "Hullo!" answered Bell, "what you want, little boy?" "Nothin.'"

"Run down to the gate dearie, and let the little boy in." "All right!" answered Baby Bell in her sweetest voice and went down to let in the little visitor. He had a tiny wooden sword in his hand and a bit of bunting floated from his cap.

"Don't you want some flowers little man. Are you going over to the cemetery today with all the rest?"

All her answer was a shake of the boy's head, which set his curls dancing in the breeze.

"You've got a sword—are you going to be a soldier?"

His blue eyes danced. "Yes," he said? "grand-dad was a soldier and so was Uncle Jack, and I'm goin' to be one, too!"

"Good for you. Whom will you fight, my man?"

"Bad men—I don't know—" swinging his sword in the air, "every one what ain't good. Say!"

"Say on."

"Can I have some of them?" pointing to some nodding rosebuds on a beautiful plant Mrs Armstrong brought out into the sunshine. It was Jessie's one pet plant and had "wintered" so well that it was rewarding her with clusters of pink-touched buds.

"What do you want them for?"

"Mother likes them for grand-dad's picture and Uncle Jack's. They're dead."

And they were soldiers?"

"Yes'm."

"And hasn't mother any flowers for their graves?"

"They're buried far away—I don't know where, but she puts flowers on their picture."

"Mother!" called Jessie, "I believe I can hobble over to Mrs. Stone's—she lives across the way, you know. I want to help her have a little bit of Decoration Day at home," she added, in a lower tone, as her mother came to the door. "I think she's real poor, and I'm sure she's lonesome to-day. Will you lend me your strong arm? I'll take her some roses and some of those wild flowers the boys gave me yesterday. Get me the scissors, will you, Bell, dear, and we'll give the soldier's boy some lovely roses."

And that was how it happened that Jessie sat in Mrs. Stone's little parlor, with Baby Bell beside her, while the tired woman sat down to talk to her bright-faced visitors.

"I couldn't go to the cemetery to-day with the others," explained Jessie, "and Bobbie was telling me that you are an old soldier's daughter."

"Yes'm. I lost my father and my eldest brother in the war. There they are," pointing to two pictures that hung on the wall, with some dried ferns from the year before still clinging to them. "They went away, and never came back; we don't even know where they are buried. But I know they died fighting and with their faces to the front!" and her eyes flashed, even while the tears came into them. Ma! ma!" shouted Bobbie, dashing in just then—for Mrs. Armstrong had kept him behind to fill his hands with flowers and ferns that had been given to Jessie the day before—"here's some flowers for grand-dad and Uncle Jack's pictures! My! don't I wish I was a soldier? Put 'em up, ma, quick! Do you s'pose they *know* you're decorati' 'em?"

Bobbie's mother looked very happy as she put the flowers in place. When they were all arranged Jessie said: "Please do not let me keep you from your work. Baby Bell and Bobbie and I will sit here and tell stories, seeing we can't go out on the hills with the others. What stories do you like best?"

"Fightin' kind," said Bobbie.

"Nice kind," said Baby Bell. Jessie laughed and then she said gently, "Well, I can please you both, I think." So she began. It must have been a beautiful story, for when it was finished Bobbie clapped his hands and jumping up and down, cried, "Goodie, goodie, goodie! I just knew the bad old king would get killed. I'm going to fight all the bad kings when I'm a man. What was that feller's name?

"I know," said Baby Bell softly. He was old king Alcohol. He's just dreadful!"

"Who's King Alcohol?" said Bobbie, for he did not understand. You see, Jessie had a white ribbon in her buttonhole, and Baby Bell wore an L. T. L. badge. They knew about King Alcohol, and Baby Bell helped tell Bobbie. He listened very hard and when the story was ended he looked up at the pictures of "Grand-dad" and Uncle Jack and said, "Now I know what I'm going to do. I'll be a soldier and help kill that wicked king. Will you help?" looking at Baby Bell.

"'Course I will!"

Then Mrs. Stone came in and Jessie and and the two children listened to the story of the two who went off to the war "and never came back."

"You've made the day brighter, for me, and I heard you telling the children about the whisky business. I'm glad to have Bobbie know it from the right side. He must grow up to be a temperance man."

"And I'm goin' to fight, mother, and she's going to help." After a little longer visit Jessie went back to her own veranda feeling that Decoration Day spent at home was not so bad after all, especially when she had won such a stout-hearted little recruit for the Army of the Right as Bobbie was sure to be. May he grow up into a real soldier fighting in the army of the Lord, against all the wrong things in our beautiful world!" And may Bell always help him to be brave and true.

—A postmortem was held last Friday on the body of Mrs. Winkleman, who lately died at Nittany Hall under suspicious circumstances. Drs. Harris and Seibert conducted the postmortem. It is said that the evidence that she died from a criminal operation was quite apparent and that the testimony of the doctors will be rather against John W. Wahn, who is now in jail in Bellefonte charged with having caused her death, an account of which was given in last week's REPUBLICAN. Our readers will remember that it was first reported that Mrs. Winkleman's death was caused by a fall from the hay mow in the barn.

FIVE DOLLARS AND PLUCK.

Capital Upon Which 600 Miles of Railroad Were Built in Texas.

From South Texas came a man who built 600 miles of railroad with a $5 bill and faith, and the bill was a borrowed one. He moved up from Corpus Christi to San Antonio with all of his possessions heaped up on a two wheeled cart. He got a charter to build a railroad from San Antonio to Aransas Pass. He graded a mile of it throwing a good deal more than one shovel of dirt with his own hands.

The receiver of another road loaned this indefatigable builder enough old rails for a mile of track. In the distant part of the state was purchased an engine which had been condemned six years before and sent to the shop to be wrecked for scrap iron. Two old cars were picked up somewhere else at a bargain. And that old engine drawing those old cars steamed into San Antonio. On engine and cars in bold lettering was painted in lampblack, "S., A. and P." With one mile of old rail track and with the equipment of the old engine and the two old cars Uriah Lott started the Aransas Pass system.

There has been some tall financiering in the history of railroad building in this country, but there isn't anything which for dazzling pluck quite approaches the story of this building of 600 miles of road in Texas. To the one mile of track there were added three miles by a dicker with a street car company for some second hand rails. One engine and credit trade was made with a Pennsylvania rolling mill for ten miles of rails.

When they arrived there wasn't money enough in the treasury to pay the freight but it was got somehow. Ten miles of track gave the foundation for bonds, which built forty miles more, and so the system grew into its present proportions. This man who built the Aransas Pass system rode from San Antonio to Chicago at one critical period in his enterprise without a cent in his pocket. He had transportation but he hadn't anything to buy food with, and he went through hungry.—Chicago Herald.

COMPLETELY UPROOTED.

How many remedies there are which merely relieve without uprooting disease. The contrast with sterling medicines which such paliatives afford, not only enhances the dignity of the former, but serves to emphasize the folly of employing half-way measures when thorough ones are available. A marked instance of this is the effect, on the one hand, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of chills and fever and billious intermittent, and on the other of ordinary remedies in maladies of this type. By the Bitters, malarial complaint in every stage, and of the most malignant type, are completely conquered and lose their hold upon the system. They are rarely, if ever, dislodged by the ordinary resources of medicine, although their symptoms may unquestionably be mitigated through such means. The same holds good of indigestion, billiousness, kidney complaint, rheumatism, nervousness and debility. By the Bitters they are cured when many remedies fail.

MENTAL SHORT-SIGHT.

BY ELIZABETH CUMINGS

If I fail to nod at my next door neighbor when he has nodded at me, he is wont to bring me up with the question, "Why, what's the matter with you?" though he knows full well I see my nearest and dearest but as shadows without my spectacles. But when I have attacks of the insidious mental infirmity which corresponds to my physical defect, alas, no one warns me that I am enwrapt in the trifles in my hand, and am not seeing the blue heights upon my horizon, and as I look about my neighborhood and my town, I note that short-sight of the mind is almost epidemic, as the doctors say, among women.

When the average man has been given all the credit he deserves, and some he does not, the fact remains that the income which he receives for his labor and which supports his family he considers peculiarly his own. Whether he be right or wrong is outside the present question, but the effect of this notion of his is to make the average woman, his wife, have a one-sided notion of values, and to hold dimes overprecious and her own labor at nothing. So we have the spectacle of women sewing themselves ill making over their old gowns, and spending nearly the price of new material in rubbishy trimmings to cover the marks of piecing and old stitches, and the still more trying spectacle of women using three or four dollars worth of groceries and coal, plus no end of muscle and nerve-force, to earn a dollar and seventy-five cents for a church or a cause. In their blind struggle for financial freedom, to give as heart and head prompt, women have saddled themselves with the church kitchen, a contrivance admirably adapted to give the minimum of return for a maximum of effort, and which should receive the name it deserves, "drudgery extension."

The result of this is not alone backache and vexation of spirit. Out of it has sprung a false idea of the real function of the church. The education of the spirit in spiritual things and organized labor for souls runs the danger of exhaling in a restless activity after pennies, and a church work, falsely so called, which is but another name for church entertainments, which convert that organization into a social club, with attendant heartburnings, envyings and ambitions. Dr. Holland used to say that women stand between men and God; they seem just now content to stand between men and the church range. We women need to study arithmetic, especially profit and loss, and we need, I say it with humility, far-sighted spectacles of the sort Sam Weller called "double hextra magnifiers."

—Last Friday evening the base ball men of Bellefonte held a meeting in the parlor of the Bush House and formed a permanent organization by the election of the following officers: Thomas A. Shoemaker, President; Thomas K. Morris, Nice President; John M. Dale, Esq., Secretary; John B. Lane, Treasurer. The directors of the Association are W. L. Dagget, Hard Harris, George R. Meek, Edward Brown, Jr., Ross Parker and Joseph Montgomery. A committee was also appointed to draft a constitution and by laws for the goverument of the organization. They then adjourned to meet on Monday evening,

—It always saves money for a farmer, when in want of a self-binding harvester or mower, to examine the McCormick, made of steel. Also binder twine, hay rakes, hay tedders, buggies, carriages, surries, wagons, fertilizers, to ask McCalmont & Co., for prices before buying.

Mr. J. Johnson
of Philadelphia

Good and Reliable

Hood's Cured Malaria and Loss of Appetite.

The following letter is from a gentleman widely known in the section of Philadelphia where he lives, being a member of the I. O. O. F., Red Men, Order of Tonti, and the Republican Club, and a popular speaker in public meetings:

"I dare say that I am more glad in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla than its proprietors are in selling it. I took it for malaria and loss of appetite, and the fact that we have continued to use it in our family is sufficient evidence of our confidence in its efficacy. My food tastes better and relishes more naturally. My wife and daughter say Hood's Sarsaparilla has also very much improved my complexion. We regard it good and reliable, and recommend it to all of our friends." JAMES JOHNSON, 551 E. Indiana Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, billousness, sick headache and constipation. 25c.

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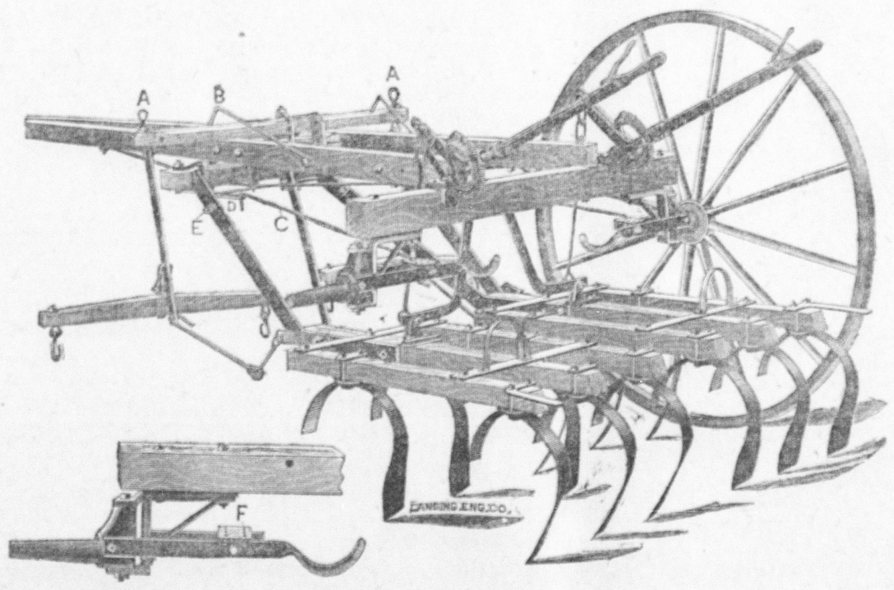

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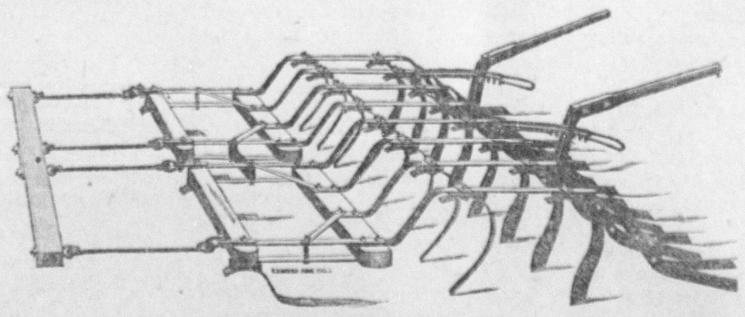

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HOUSE TO LET.

"We have got to move!" sighed Selina Spencer. The wind rustled in the leafless poplar trees, the muslin curtains flapped in the draught. Old Dorcas, the colored servant, went on sprinkling the pillow cases on the pine table in the corner.

"I've seen it coming this long time," said Selina, "The landlord has been as good and considerate as possible——"

"De lan'lord's an old harpy!" said Dorcas. "Lan'lords allays is!"

"No, he is not," persisted Selina. "We owe him eight months' rent already, and I do not know how he is ever to get his money. I would offer him the piano and the carved rosewood set, if I thought they would possess any value in his eyes—in part payment, I mean."

Dorcas rolled up the coffee-colored whites of her eyes.

"Dat piano as was Miss Adelaide's when firs' she come from Aaltimo' boarding school!" said she. "Dat lubly funchure as was made to order in Annap'lis! No, Miss Lina—not wiv dis chile's consent!"

And she rolled a thin old damask table-cloth very tightly and packed it into the basket with emphasis.

"Mamma must know nothing of this, Dorcas," said Selina sadly.

"Dunno how you'se gwine to keep it from her, Miss Lina."

"It can be done, Dorcas. I've thought it all out," said the girl. "She must be made to suppose that she is going to spend a few days with my employers at Newport——"

"Has dey done asked her, Miss Lina?"

"No, you goose! I don't suppose that they even know that I've got a mother. I am only a typewriter and stenographer in their eyes, and render my services at so much a day. Mrs. York is a female philanthropist, but while she's helping poor immigrants out of the slums and rectifying the slop question she don't appreciate that a well-dressed southern lady may be in sore straits. But she'll make as good a figurehead as any other."

"Miss Lina," said Dorcas, after a brief silence, during which she rolled and sprinkled, patted and folded with unceasing vigilance.

"Well?"

"I knows whar I could git $4 a week for laundress or $5 for cook. Tink o' dat, Miss Lina."

"Do you want to leave us, Dorcas?"

The old woman uttered a subdued groan, "Lord knows it ain't dat, Miss Lina! Lord knows it's honor enough to work for de ole Spencers! But it's money we uns wants—an' ebery cent o' de ole woman's wages, dey'll come back to ole Missus and Miss Lina."

The long lashes dropped over Selina Spencer's lovely hazel eyes. "It's of no use, Dorcas," said she. "We've got to bend before the storm. Hush! Do you hear that tapping?"

"Somebody knocking at de do'!" cried Dorcas. "Why on arf don't dey ring de bell?"

"No," said Selina, detaining her as she was about to answer the supposed summons. "It's the agent putting up the 'To Let.' But, whatever happens, Dorcas, don't let mamma know!"

She rose, and, getting up her hat and gloves, went up the wide, gloomy old staircase. Dorcas looked after her and shook her turbaned head.

"Meks b'lieve she's pow'ful brave!" muttered she. "Tinks ole Dorcas dunno she's crying dis berry minute! Why did'nt she marry Mars George Berkeley when he axed her an' sabe herse'f all this trouble?"

Up in the dimly lighted sitting-room Mrs. Spencer sat, a faded belle of the olden days. The piano was open, the window was full of carefully tended plants; a pink-shaded lamp burned on the table, and Mrs. Spencer herself was engaged in crewel work with slow, languid fingers.

"You are later than usual to-night, Selina," said she, fretfully. "Perhaps your idea of a dutiful daughter is different from mine, but I think any amount of Shakspears and Browning classics oughn't to take so much of your time away from your mother."

"I stopped to give Dorcas orders in the kitchen, mamma," Selina cheerfully answered. But I'm all ready now. What shall I read to you until the tea comes up?"

"Well," said the poor lady feebly, "I'd like a few chapters of the 'Scottish Chiefs.' It was the first novel my dear papa allowed me to read—and my opinion your Ouidas and Braddone don't come near it."

And while Selina read out the trials of Helen Mar and Bruce the brave, she wondered how on earth she would manage about showing the house to the eager sightseers who would be sure to be attracted by the legend "To Let" on the morrow.

"Can't go in dat arroom!" said Dorcas, interposing her stout figure between the hard-featured house hunter and the door of Mrs. Spencer's boudoir. Dat's private, dat-ar!"

"Anything wrong in the room?" sharply questioned the woman.

"No'm," stolidly responded Dorcas.

"Ceilings cracked? Water pipes burst?"

"No'm"

"Then why can't I see it?" with a sudden push in that direction.

She might as well have tried to charge a battery of artillery. Old Dorcas stood immovable.

"Lady ain't well, mum," said she. "Can't nobody go in dat room! Tole you so afore!"

"Anything contagious?"

"No'm."

"Sure?"

"Yes'm, sartin shuah!"

"Very well," said the househunter, with a forward jerk of the chin. "I shall take no house that I can't see every inch of!" and she flounced out.

All day long Dorcas fought the army of investigators valiantly, and at night as she herself observed, "she was jes as tired as if she'd done a double day's wash." Stout ladies peered into the sub-cellar and denounced the drainage; lean ladies poked their parasols into the kitchen sink and tore off strips of the hall paper. Deep-voiced men parleyed as to the monthly rental; fat old gentlemen asked questions in husky accents.

The next morning, however, dove-winged peace once more settled on the field of action. The agent came up and removed the bill.

"The house is taken," said he.

"Who's took it?" demanded Dorcas, who chanced just then to be scouring the brasses. But the agent either did not know or would not tell. Dorcas heaved a deep sigh. Den," says she, "we've got to cl'ar out."

The landlord sent Selina a note in a day or two. He had concluded, he wrote, to accept her offer of the furniture and belongings as an equivalent for a certain portion of the unpaid rent.

"Now," said Dorcas, "what is we to do?"

Poor Mrs. Spencer was all in a flutter. The Newport scheme delighted her, and she was very busy looking over her wardrobe with reference to her coming visit. Selina had written to the aunt of an old schoolmate of hers, who kept a boarding house in the fair seaside city, asking her lowest prices for a comfortable room. Dorcas was to go with Mrs. Spencer as attendant and maid, and Selina had resolved to hire a room in New York and board herself as well as she could.

"But this has been a dear old home," she murmured. "I wonder who will sleep in my room. I wonder whose hands will strike the yellow keys of mamma's old piano, and dust my flowering blue china, and arrange the old fiddle-backed chairs."

The purple sunlight shone softly in; the scent of a stalk of hyacinths in a glass on the mantel brought back reminiscences of the old southern flower gardens, and all of a sudden a voice which she had last heard in those very gardens struck on her ear.

"Selina—have I startled you?"

He extended a cordial hand.

"Perhaps you fancied I could not trace you out?" said he. "But I am better at hide and seek than you thought."

She courtesied haughtily. His handsome countenance fell. Evidently he was deeply disappointed.

"Are you not glad to see me, Selina?" he exclaimed. "Ah, Selina! I had counted so much on this interview! I had planned to renew my suit—to ask you once again to be my wife."

She drew her slight figure up.

"You are presuming too much on my very evident poverty, Mr. Berkeley," said she. "I refused when I was Miss Spencer, of Spencer Vale. What sort of woman should I be if I were to accept you—simply as a protection against adversity?"

"But, Selina——"

"Pray excuse me from any further discussion of the question," said Selina.

"May I not hope to see your mother?" he persisted.

"I should prefer not."

"Do you know, Selina," he said, after a brief silence, "that this is a very bitter mortification to me?"

"Is it? Then what must if be to me?" she retorted, almost fiercely, looking up at him.

He stood a second or two gazing sadly at her. Stung by his scrutiny she swept from the room like an angered princess.

Half a minute later she came hurrying back, full of sweet, strange misgivings. But he was gone.

"I have let another opportunity slip by!" she murmured. ,'Oh, heavens! where is my life drifting to?"

At that moment Aunt Dorcas ushered in the landlord—a fussy, baldheaded old gentleman, with a fur collar to his coat.

"Good evening. Miss Spencer, said he. "I expected to meet the new party here."

"The —I beg your pardon," said Selina.

"The gentleman who has purchased this house and furniture," explained Mr. Beasley, "and settled it on yourself and your mother. A friend of yours, I suppose—Mr. Berkeley.

Standing sadly in the shadow of the rustling poplar boughs outside, George Berkeley felt the magnetic influence of another presence. A soft voice stirred the twilight air like the far-off music of forgotten days.

"Mr. Berkeley," it said—"George!—please will you forgive me?"

A dead silence ensued.

"Won't you, George?" with a little sob in the voice. "I—I don't mean to speak so harshly to you. I didn't know then what I know now of your noble generosity."

Silence—only silence still.

"If I accept it for dear mamma's sake, you surely will not misinterpret me. Oh, George! how can you be so cruel?" Why don't you answer me? What are you waiting for me to sey?"

And still no word broke that haunting silence!

"George," in a low voice. "I've changed my mind. I will be your wife!"

He took her in his arms.

"Dear sweetheart?" he murmured. "Dear little melting snow wreath. I knew that love would conquer you at last!"

When Mrs. Spencer heard of the engagment she said quietly:

"I always thought they cared for each other, but since your master died, Dorcas, my poor head has scarcely been itself; but make haste and finish the packing. We are going to Newport, are we not?"

And so the wedding trip was to Newport.

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EDMUND GOSSE will have in the June number of the *Century* a paper of literary criticism on Christina Rossetti, who among literary people has been much talked of for the laureateship. It is preceded by a consideration of the position of woman in the history of poetry. The paper contains a portrait of Miss Rossetti by her brother Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

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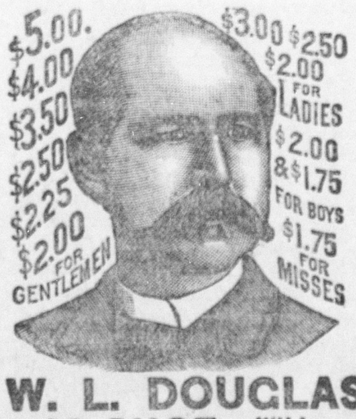

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BRIDES AT THE FAIR.

Where and How Columbian Honeymooning Is Done.

Those Who Are Experts on the Subject Say That There Never Was a Place as Favorable for Wedding Couples as Chicago Now Is.

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It is easy to pick out the bridal couples at the fair. Those who have made a study of the crowds swarming through Chicago daily say that there are three indisputable ways of distinguishing the honeymoon couples from all others. And these are the three ways: First, they are the only people who never seem weary of sightseeing. They have a happy, peaceful expression of countenance, just as if they thought that the whole display had been made expressly for them and would last forever, just this way.

Secondly, the bridal couples are the only ones who do not seem to notice the exorbitant prices which are being charged for things. The happy groom has made up his mind that he is going to spend his money and he spends it like a little man, without stopping to inquire whether a cup of coffee at thirty-five cents has not "gone up," or whether soda water isn't dear at a quarter. In the matter of fair souvenirs he is perfectly reckless. He buys whatever pleases "her," and does not stop to count the cost until the salesgirl has first reckoned it up for him. He buys Isabella cuff buttons for "her" mother, Siamese slippers for his, trinkets for all the children at home and necklaces with a reckless abandon, and display of greenbacks, seen only in the case of one-month old bridegrooms.

Thirdly, and this test is the most complete of all, the bridal couples have a way of picking out the pretty and secluded spots on the fair grounds with a celerity truly remarkable. And, especially so, when one considers that they have come to Chicago as strangers, and had no more previous knowledge of the secluded and picturesque nooks than any of the others who have come to the fair. It is as if instinct guided them to these pleasure places in the great fair grounds, and told them to sit down and take in the whole world and make plans for the future.

And these are the ways by which you pick out the bridal couples who are making a wedding tour to the world's fair. And you pick them unerringly every time.

The prettiest place in the five miles of drives and walks in the fair grounds is the lagoon. Although this circles in and out and through all the busiest parts of the fair, it is very calm and lovely all the time. It goes past Machinery hall, past the Mining building, past the Electricity building and past all of the great noisy structures at the

THE HONEYMOON SPOT.

fair. Yet it maintains its individuality, so to speak, through it all, and is serene and quiet in the midst of all the hurly burly.

The gondoliers from Venice are the most picturesque of all the creatures, animal and human, to be seen on the lagoon. And as there are only seventeen of these big gondoliers there is great rivalry for their services, for every one wants to have the pleasure of being gondoled across the lagoon by them. It is usually the bridal couples who have this pleasure, because they are willing to wait until the gondoliers are at liberty to take them, and they are so generous in the matter of tips that they are favored passengers.

The handsomest gondolier of them all is a big Venetian named Domenico Moretti. He dresses in a costume of the fourteenth century, and was specially sent here by the Venetian officials because he has won more prizes at Venice than all the other boatmen put together, and is consequently the best representative of the famous Venetian gondoliers.

Some of the gondoliers have fine voices, and in the evening when they row their "fares" over the lake they sing their Venetian melodies to a slow, lazy meter that is very delightful to hear. One moonlight evening—it was the very last moonlight evening we had—all seventeen of the Venetian gondoliers were on the lagoon, and each had, if one can judge from appearances, a bridal couple in his gondola. And as they glided along they sang in unison a lovely Swiss melody. Just what the words were in Swiss no one seemed to know. But this is what they sounded like in English:

Oh, list to the gay gondolier!
Oh, list to the gay gondolier!
He singeth his lay
To a new bride each day.
Oh, list to the gay gondolier!

The tune was something like the "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon." But the line:

"I am going to marry him soon"

Was repeated and changed to a rollicking measure in the next line.

The log cabin on the "Wooded Island" is another favorite spot with honeymooners. They wander into it and around it and seem to be thinking how perfectly idealic it would be to live there all alone in rustic simplicity with the city within such easy reach.

It is not honeymooners alone who find this wooded island an attractive place at the fair, but old settlers, too, and people who began life in just this way, but who have since grown rich in western mines and lands. The cabin **is a very quaint little structure, perhaps seventy-five feet long by twenty-five feet wide, and it is fashioned after** the log cabin in which Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln, was born. It is finished off in true backwoods style and there is never an hour in the day when it is not visited by people who have lived in such a cabin at some time in their lives.

It is said that the cabin, beside being a fac-simile of the one in which the mother of the martyr president lived, is very like the one in which Mrs. Silver King Mackay lived when among the Rockies, while her husband was building the Southern Pacific railroad.

DOMENICO MORETTI.

But to the bridal couples! They are so numerous on the wooded island that one stops counting them and numbers them as part of the scenery of the island along with the black swans and the white geese. They seem to prefer its simplicity to the gilded elegance of the Administration building or the gold and white of the public reception rooms.

The Midway Plaisance is another charming place at the fair. It is as quaint and as different from the rest of the exposition as though it were no part of it. There are thirteen villages upon it, and each village is as complete as if it had been brought directly from the place which it represents without even undergoing a change of scene. All along the Midway Plaisance bridal couples are seen wandering throughout the day and as late into the night as the guard will permit. And early the next morning they are at it again, still sight-seeing and still enjoying.

And just here comes in the funny part of some of the bride-and-groom episodes. The Midway Plaisance is full of very interesting and very attentive women who inhabit the villages, and sometimes the young bridegrooms are attracted by their charms more than is agreeable to the feelings of the brides.

In the Turkish village there is a girl who was sent here because she was the fairest girl in Bethlehem, the sacred city of Palestine. Her name is Esther, and she is known as "the daughter of Hamilli." Esther is as lovely as the day and she dresses in the picturesque costume worn by the natives of Judea. Her hair is piled high on the top of her head, and there it is covered by a great head-dress of snow-white linen that falls to her feet. It is just such a head-dress as Mrs. George Gould wore in one of Mr. Daly's plays when she was Miss Edith Kingdon and was part and parcel of Daly's stock company. And it is said that it was in this costume that the young multi-millionaire saw her and was charmed by her beauty.

Esther, the daughter of Hamilli, is an actress also, and she is to appear in the Turkish theater and play every day all summer. When the bridal couples wander through the Midway Plaisance, and when the young bridegrooms see Esther in their visit to the Turkish village, they are charmed past all concealment, and rave over the rich olive in her cheeks and the soft, wondering look in her eyes.

The brides do not always relish this admiration, and it is noticed by everyone that the visit to the Turkish village is made shorter than to the others.

"It is not that I object to having my husband look at a beautiful woman," said one of the young brides to a friend, as she hurried her month-old groom along, "if it were only a civilized woman that he is admiring. But to stand and stare like that at a heathen and, perhaps, a sun worshiper, too, fairly makes my blood run cold. Come away, all of you, as quickly as you can."

The fair grounds are full of bridal spots. It is just the place for a honeymoon outing. It is quite different from the Centennial, for there it was more like a mere exhibition. But here it is as if one were enjoying real life in distant and ideal lands. By all means, if you are not married and expect to be married some day, shorten up the time if you can, and come to the fair on a tour. Or, if you are celebrating a wedding anniversary and want to bring the past back very vividly, and grow young again with the brides and grooms, come by all means. You can talk about it forever afterwards. And, as a young bride exuberantly expressed it:

"We feel as if we had been all around the world on our wedding tour and now we are ready to go home and live on the memory of our journey. We visited the crown jewels in the tower of London; we drank Russian tea in a Russian tea house; we rode in a Japanese jinrickshaw, took a Chinese dinner, sailed across the lagoon to the California building and then took the intramural railway home. And we did it all in three days and saw a thousand sights besides. Chicago is now the idyllic place for wedding tourists."

AFTERNOON DRESSES.

Stylish Afternoon Indoor Gown and Visiting Toilette.

THE ALSATIAN BOW.

EVENING GOWN and FASHIONABLE COIFFURE

It Tastes Good

One reason why *Scott's Emulsion* of Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is "Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces flesh and builds up the entire system.

Scott's Emulsion **cures Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Scrofula, and all Anaemic and Wasting Diseases. Prevents wasting in children. Almost as palatable as milk. Get only the genuine.** Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's Emulsion

SIXTY-EIGHT PAGES.

The Pennsylvania railroad system now requires 68 pages in the official guide for its time tables, maps and lists of officials. The continued increase in its train service has made it necessary to revise many of the time tables, and in the guide for May they all appear under a new arrangement which is prefaced by the novel but useful feature of an index to the various lines and divisions. The separation of the through western connections into two groups comprising the northwest and south west lines is a desirable improvement. The total of the Pennsylvania system as shown in the recapitulation is 7,885,9 miles.

Maude—I had an offer of marriage yesterday.

Mabel—Was it a cash offer?

It Never fails to Cure—MANNERS DOUBLE EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA.

Magazine editor—So you think that the poetry that I print is poor.

Critical reader—I must confess I do.

Magazine editor—Well, you ought to see what I reject.

USE DANA'S SARSAPARILLA, ITS "THE KIND THAT CURES."

A STARTLING FACT.

SIXTEEN PER CENT. OF LIFE INSURANCE APPLICANTS REJECTED ON ACCOUNT OF DISEASED KIDNEYS.

The Trouble Comes From Lack of Care.

Dr. Lambert the general medical director of the Equitable Life Insurance Company, N. Y., said:

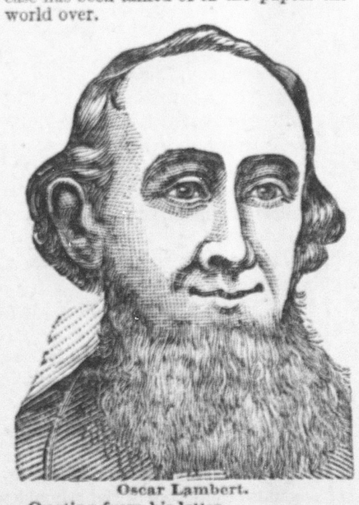
"We reject sixteen per cent. of the applications made to us for insurance, and I have saved the entire expense of this medical department, by the rejection alone of applicants who had diseased kidneys, and who died within two years after I rejected them."

This appalling statement coming as it does, from such high medical authority, should have the attention of our citizens. There is no reason to-day, why people should allow kidney disease to get such a hold on them.

Nature sends her warning in the slight pain in the back, poor circulation of the blood, sediment in the urine. When any of these symptoms appear, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy should be taken in small doses at once, and thus drive the poison out of the blood and restore the kidneys to healthy action.

To our knowledge this is the only medicine that surely and effectually cures this almost universal complaint.

We note the happy recovery of Mr. Oscar Lambert, of Jerico, Mo., whose case has been talked of in the papers the world over.



Oscar Lambert.

Quoting from his letter.

"I neglected the first symptoms until I found myself in bed with a complicated disease of the kidneys. No mortal ever suffered more and lived. My physician failed to help me. I then used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. It relieved my kidneys almost immediately, and in a few weeks I was clear of all pain, and entirely cured. I owe my present lease of life to Favorite Remedy."

It is used and recommended for what it accomplishes. Writes Mrs. A. J. F. Manchester, from Providence, R. I.

"I began using Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy for kidney disease, when Doctors failed to relieve me. It drove a bad humor out of my blood, cured my kidney trouble, and I am truthful when I say it saved my life."

Wm. Huston the popular West Shore R. R. engineer, came out in an open letter stating how he had suffered with kidney disease. Physicians treatment, and the use of various preparations failed to benefit him. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, was procured and it made him well.

Favorite Remedy has had more free advertising in the columns of the daily papers, than anything we know of, from the fact that it does as is promised. "cures disease."

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy possesses marvelous strength giving qualities, that render it especialy, valuable to the aged or infirm. For a general all around tonic, and to cure any disease arising from an impure condition of the blood, it has no equal. Druggists are telling more of it than all others combined

Mazzam—Do you think that people will have some occupation in the next world similar to the one they have here?

Gaddox—I hope so.

Mazzam—Why? What do you do?

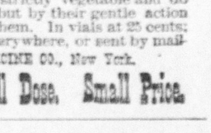
Gaddock—Nothing.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Ripans Tabules: a family remedy.

The best and only Double Extract Sarsaparilla is Manners. It cures. Take no other. 50 cents.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

EDWARD K. RHOADS,

At his yard near Passenger station sells on y

THE BEST QUALITIES

OF

Anthracite, Bituminous & Woodland

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—ALSO—

KINDLING WOOD.

AND

Corn Ears, Shelled Corn, Oats, Baled Hay and Straw

TELEPHONE 712.

Clothes REPAIRED, CLEANSED AND PRESSED.—I have concluded to take up my old trade and am now prepared to do Repairing, Cleaning and Pressing of Clothes at my residence, No. 231 East Lamb street. I solicit a share of patronage and guarantee perfect satisfaction. Work gathered and delivered promptly and charges as low as can possibly be made. A postal card dropped in the mail will receive attention at once.

23 48 tf WILLIAM McCLELLAN.

RUPTURE

To obtain the best knowledge of how to be cured, send for J. A. Sherman's New Publication, illustrated with photographic likenesses of American and English patients before treatment and after cure, with particulars of each case. No work so convincingly interesting has ever before been published. Sent by express on receipt of 25 cts. Plain book of information sent for 10 cts. Sherman recently returned from London, England, where the result of his treatment surprised the most eminent Surgeons, and may now be consulted at his former offices. Address J. A. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist, 294 Broadway N. Y.

Bellefonte Republican,

To Correspondents.—No communication published unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.
Corespondents should write upon but one side of the paper, and avoid the use of pale or fancy inks.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Local Department.

—Just received, at the Eureka Grocery, some fine Lemons and Bananas.

—Col. Austin Curtin, is having a car load of scrap iron worked up at the Curtin Rolling mill.

—Mr. Bullock, who died at Philipsburg lately, was a brother-in-law to L. T. Munson of Bellefonte.

—John C. Miller, is having the foundation for his new house on East Linn street dug. Robert Miller is doing the work, or at least his men are.

—Senator P. Gray Meek is extending his lawn at his residence on High street. The improvement adds much to the appearance of his beautiful home and grounds.

—John G. Love, Esq., of East Linn St., is having a new porch put in front of his house. He will make it wider than the old one and extend it around the west side.

—The Bellefonte Protestant Episcopal church has extended a call to Rev. Wm. B. Martin to become Rector of the parish. He officiated for the first time last Wednesday evening.

—The Bellefonte Ministrel troupe gave their second performance at the Opera House last Tuesday evening. It is said they had a fair house and the performance was very good.

—Dr. M. A. Kirk and wife, of Bellefonte, started last Monday for the World's Fair at Chicago. The doctor will also attend the National Medical Association which meets in that city.

—The Eureka Grocery, next door to post office, Bellefonte, are badly in need of of 1000 pounds of gilt edge butter and 1,000,000 fresh eggs. Can't the farmers of Centre Co, fix them up?

—A recent death at Port Matilda was Turrence McLarney, one of the oldest citizens of the place. He was 83 years old and had been a member of the Methodist church for fifty-one years.

—Miss Lulu Meek entertained her Sunday school class at her home last Thursday evening. Refreshments were served and a pleasant time for all, as every visitor has at the pleasant home of our Senator.

—Mr. Newton S. Bailey, is getting ready to start another paper in Bellefonte. His office will be in the Bush arcade, the paper will be Prohibition in politics. The material arrived last Monday evening and they are very busy now getting things in shape.

—It is expected that the potato bug is making its appearance in increased numbers in many places in Nittany and Penn's Valleys. Of course there will be many prophesies that the potato crop will be destroyed but farmers will do well to wait before they borrow trouble.

—There was a pretty wedding at Roland on Monday evening, May 15, when William Flick and Miss Mary Hoover were united in marriage, Squire Barnhart performing the ceremony. A sumptuous feast was enjoyed by the guests and the Curtin band enlivened the occasion with some excellent music.

—The World's Fair grounds were opened last Sunday and one hundred thousand people visited the place. Everything was conducted in a very orderly manner. Some of the exhibitions were closed and only three engines were running. The most of the crowd came in the afternoon, attending church in the morning.

—Cards are out announcing the marriage of Lenna Jamison to I. W. Feese on Thursday evening, June 15. The ceremony will take place at the house of Mrs. William Hendricson (a sister of the bride) No. 327, Erie Avenue, Williamsport Pa. Miss Jamisom is the oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Jamison, of Beltefonte.

—John B. Lane, who lives on East Linn street, has had a handsome new porch built to his house. He has made it much wider and more beautiful than the old one. They will now paint the house some nice light color which will make it one of the handsomest houses on the st eet, and make ye editor's house next door look more than ever out of date.

—On Wednesday, June 14, Murray Andrews, of Belfast, Ireland, will be married to Miss Ella Hale, of Bellefonte. The ceremony will be performed at the home of the bride on the corner of Allegheny and Howard streets, at noon, after which breakfast. In the afternoon the happy couple will start for England on a bridal tour, accompanied by Mrs. E. W. Hale, mother of the bride, and Mrs. W. H. Wilkinson.

—The Lock Haven *Democrat* says that on Wednesday morning, Samuel Spangler, who resides between Tylersville and Rebersburg, had a narrow escape from death. After examining a Winchester rifle, he proceeded to load it, with the stock on the floor and the barrel pointing toward his head. The shell was rather tight for the barrel and Mr. Spangler attempted to shove it in, when it exploded. The flash severely burned Mr. Spangler's face and the flying pieces cut his lip to such an extent as to require a physician to stitch the separated parts.

AN AWFUL DISASTER.

Walter L. Main's Circus Train Completely Demolished in a Railroad Wreck Near Vail, Tuesday morning.

Last Saturday, Walter L. Main's big circus gave an exhibition in Bellefonte. The performance was all that the most critical could desire, and all who saw it were well pleased. They left here that evening to go to Houtzdale, and Tuesday morning the news reached here of the terrible wreck of the train near Vail, on the Clearfield branch road. Many persons went from here to the scene of the terrible accident. Those who saw it describe it as a sad sight. The history of railroad wrecks in this part of the country furnishes no paralell to the disaster that befell the train carrying the circus and menagerie. As consequences of the affair, six men were killed outright, many more were injured; while the pecuniary loss amounts to many thousands. It resulted, also, in the liberation of savage beasts and afforded the spectacle of lions and tigers ranging these peaceful country solitudes.

The circus exhibited at Houtzdale on Monday, and was enroute to Lewistown. The train carrying the whole outfit left Houtzdale at 2 o'clock. It was made up of 19 cars, and came down the mountain carefully and slowly. There is an exceptionally heavy down grade where the accident happened. There are two theories advanced for the accident. One is the engineer lost control of the heavy train and the cars jumped the track at the curve, and the other that the accident was caused by a truck breaking under the first car in the train, which contained two elephants.

However, the engine kept the track, but everything else except the coaches went over the bank and piled up. All that saved the coaches was the buffet car, which got across the track and stopped them.

In the coaches which remained on the track were 125 sleeping people and had they followed the rest of the train the loss of life would have been terrific. Many of the horses were killed. The boss hostler Charles Evans, counted forty-nine, among them all the valuable ring horses, one valued at $1000. All the horses ridden by Tony Lowande, the principal rider of the compnny, are also dead.

Many of the Republican readers who were at the show in Bellefonte, will remember these beautiful animals which excited the admiration of all by their perfect acting.

To the first few men who tumbled out of the ruin unhurt the scene was appalling. Every cage and wagon was utterly demolished and mixed up in one awful tangle. The screams of the wounded men, the hideous cries of the injured or terror-crazed animals, and the unearthly shrieks of the mangled horses, arose into the night from that pile of death and disaster. From the menagerie section lions, tigers, leopards, hyenas, wildcats, wolves and other dangerous animals were liberated, and after charging around through the wreck, scattered to cover in every direction.

THE KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Before anything was done toward their recapture the circus attaches who were not disabled turned to the rescue of the more unfortunate. There were 175 persons with the circus and 173 horses. The bodies of the dead men and the severely wounded were taken out of the debris first. The dead were taken to Tyrone, and the injured sent to the hospital at Altoona. At 10 o'clock Tuesday night the corrected list of the dead stood as follows:

Frank Train, treasurer and ticket seller of the company, Indianapolis.
J. Strayer, Houtzdale.
William Mutterly, East Liberty.
William Heverly, Tyrone.
Two bodies not yet identified.

The injured at the Altoona Hospital are:

Willis O'Brannon, Chambersburg, wounds of scalp and face.
David Jones, Harrisburg, fracture of right thigh.
Frank Morse, Rochester, N. Y., head and scalp wounds.
William Evans, Williamsport, laceration of right leg and probable internal injuries; in critical condition.
William E. Patchell, Dubois, concussion of left knee.
James Haney, Alberton, Westmoreland county, contusions of right shoulder and scalp wounds, and right ear nearly torn off.
Louis Champaign, Rochester, N. Y., fatal internal injuries; unconscious and sinking rapidly.

Those whose wounds have been dressed and who have gone away, are John Chambers, colored, Mercerville, Pa., thumbs bitten by a lion; Arthur Richards, Butler county, Pa., laceration of face and eyelids; George Corten, Hollidaysburg, contusion of the chest; Frank Barret, Tarentum, concussion of left arm and hand and laceration of thumbs. People who arrived early at the scene of the accident say that strange animals were to be met everywhere making for the woods. The monkeys, two "grave diggers" from Australia, a lion, a black panther and a silver tiger from Asia have not yet been recaptured. All the birds got away also. The "man slaying ape," the most dangerous animal of the whole lot, was luckily soon taken and safely caged.

Strange to say the elephants and camels were not injured. Three lions escaped. One was quickly caught and caged, another was lassoed and tied to a tree, but the third is still at large. He is very tame, and it is thought that he will soon be caught.

THE TIGER KILLED THE COW.

Two tigers belonged to the show and both got away. One was caged safely, but the other was killed by Alfred Thomas, a farmer of McQann's Crossing. Thomas' wife was milking the cows at 6 o'clock in the morning when the tiger leaped into the yard. It seized one of the cows and killed it. Mrs. Thomas fled to the house and alarmed her husband, who shot the tiger with his rifle.

A bear, a hyena, a savage water buffalo, the alligators and a lot of valuable snakes also escaped, but all of them were captured. In all sixteen cages containing wild animals were crushed. All the chariots, buggies, show wagons, etc., were entirely destroyed. The only animals killed besides the horses and the tiger were two sacred oxen, both of which were so terribly injured that they had to be shot.

WORK OF THE RESCUERS.

As soon as possible after the accident a message was telegraphed to Tyrone from Vail's Station, a mile from the scene of the disaster, and a relief train with surgeons was sent. It was two hours before Frank Train could be reached. He had been riding in the ticket wagon, and was buried beneath a pile of wreckage many feet high.

He was conscious all the time. Several times he urged on his rescuers, saying "Hurry up, boys, if you're going to do anything for me or I'll die." As the last timber was removed from his body he expired. He was a member of several secret societies, among them being the Knights of Pythias, the Masons, the Red Men and the Elks.

William H. Heverly, a brakeman, was killed instantly, he being crushed. He was 33 years old, married and the father of three children, the oldest but 6 years of age. J. Strayer, another one of the dead, joined the show only Monday night, and was making his first trip with it.

A PITIFUL SIGHT.

In one place not twenty feet square lay the bodies of eight horses, a little pony and its young foal. In another spot were five horses and close by was a crushed box car with a mass of horses' harness and timber impossible to picture. All the horses were dead and their positions showed that some at least had struggled hard for a short time. Others had not moved. Scattered over the field were the bodies of other horses which had staggered away with broken limbs and internal injuries, and who had been shot to put them out of their misery.

The most pitiable was the little week-old Shetland pony, the mother of which had been killed. The little thing, weighing only twenty-five pounds, was wandering disconsolately among the horses, looking for its mother.

The most marvelous luck was that which attended Mr. E. C. White, of the show company. On Sunday Mr. Frank Train, the treasurer who was killed, quit the show and handed over to Mr. White, all the accounts, ticket and money. Mr. Main and Mr. Train, talked the matter over on Monday and Mr. Train decided to stay on as treasurer. In consequence of that arrangement he and not Mr. White, was sleeping in the ticket wagon on this fatal night and was killed in the wreck. Around the wreck among the trees tents were pitched as quickly as possible and wounded horses stabled in them and their wounds dressed. Hardly one of them had escaped being uninjured. By dinner time supplies were brought to the spot and cooking proceeded with. From Tyrone everything was sent that was possible. Thousands of sandwhiches were sent to the scene at noon. The people af Tyrone, turned out in mass to see the sad sight and to do all they could to relieve the wants of the living and care for the dead. There was no decoration day at Tyrone. Corner Poet impanelled a jury but on account of the confusion no evidence was taken that day. Stephen Cresswell, the engineer of the wrecked train was badly scared and has not showed up since the accident the last seen of him he was making off through the woods as fast as he could go. It seems to be the general impression that two engines should have been attached to it and there is a report here in Bellefonte that Mr. Main, telegraphed to Supt. Blair for an extra engine but received the answer that one was enough. If this be true it throws a terrible responsibility upon the division superindendent. The loss is estimated by Mr. Main, to be from 150 to two hundred thousand dollars. Frank Train, the treasurer will be taken to his home at Indianapolis, for burial he was a member of several secret societies and was well liked, the others will probably be interred at Tyrone.

—The post office department has issued an order to post-masters snstructing them that no mail matter, except letters, is to be returned to the senders when found to be undeliverable, except when bearing a specific request for such a return, The mere name and address of the sender, which secures the return of undeliverable letters, will not be sufficient to secure the return of packages or printed matter or merchandise. A printed or written request for return must appear on the wrappers of such packages, but special written requests for their return will receive attention if addressed to the post office to which the packages were originally directed.

A GREAT EVENT AT SPANGLER.

Many Centre county people are interested in what goes on in the new town of Spangler in Cambria Co.; not only because the town is named after a citizen of Bellefonte but also because many of our people have interests there. In speaking of a business and social event that occured there recently the Hastings *Tribune* says:

As noted the Spangler improvement Company held an enthusiastic meeting in Spangler. The occasion was made somewhat of a social event by the fact that the prominent gentlemen at the head of the company are proud of their new town and take pleasure in exhibiting it. At this meeting, therefore, were present by invitation many persons who are not members of have interests there. The party was taken to its destination by a special train and was made up of the following gentlemen and ladies:

Ex-Governor J. A. Beaver, Gen. D. H. Hastings and wife, W. F. Reeder, Esq, and wife, G. Murray Andrews, Col. J. L. Spangler and wife, all of Bellefonte; Ex-Senater W. W. Betts, Fred G. Betts, Hon. E. A. Bilger, A. B. Weaver, W. D. Bigler, all of Clearfield; A. A. McClain, of Ridgway, R. M. Bailey and William Emory, of Williamsport, Edward McHugh, Lawrence L. Brown and wife, T. W. Thompson, all of Hastings; C. S. d'Invalliers and wife, and D. W. Holt, of Philipsburg; J. U. Crawford and wife, of Reading, J. W. Campbell, Blairsville, E. C. Brown and J. A. Gray, Carrolltown, and Banker A. W. Buck, of Ebensburg. Later on, as visitors, came Judge A. V. Barker, of Ebensburg, S. B. Kingert, of Philadelphia, P. E. Womelsdorf, of Philipsburg, D. H. Lovell, Superintendent of the Cambria & Clearfield Railway, D. D. Domer, General Traveling Passenger Agent for the Pittsburg Division, and Henry Taylor, also of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. The ladies and guests of the party spent the day very pleasantly at the "Brandon," while the members of the company devoted themselves to business in the business way for which they are famous; and the result was the adoption of plans for additional improvements which will practically make Spangler a city in all but population—and that is rapidly coming in of its own record.

It is not quite a year since the lots were staked off in Spangler, yet there were on Saturday not less than 250 houses in the town, and an innumberable number of piles of stone and lumber which will make houses just as soon as mechanics can be had to put them up. There are also in the brains of the eight hundred lot owners plans that will in time materialize into houses, only the more handsome for being built at leisure and on the assurance of a solid and progressive town.

The town has four hotels—all of which are prepared to accommodate travelers, and several of which are very excellent hostelries. One of the greatest attractions is the "Brandon" which was erected by the company at a cost of $12,000, and is under the management of George Brandon, formerly proprietor of the Brockerhoff House in Bellefonte. It contains over one hundred rooms, and has every comfort, convenience, and even luxury, that can be found in the best hotels in the state. This hotel is the most advanced of the many improvement in Spangler, and is good enough for a city of fifty thousand people.

A complete water system is in operation and an electric light plant under contract.

A building and loan association with a capital of one million dollars has been successfully established, and promises big returns to investors.

Action was taken by the company looking to the construction of an electric railway between Hastings and Spangler, the charter for which has been already secured, and it is probable that ere long we will be united to our promising neighbor over the hill.

THE VETERANS GO TO CHURCH.

On the Sunday preceeding the Decoration Day ceremonies Gregg Post, No. 95, G. A. R., always attend in a body one of the churches in Bellefonte. In accordance with this custom the soldier boys last Sunday attended the Evangelical church, on Willowbank street, and listened to a very able discourse by Rev. George W. Zehner, pastor of that congregation. The Rev. gentleman was himself a soldier and was able to speak from experience of the trying times when the comrades stood shoulder to shoulder for the principles of free government. A number of the members of George L. Potter Post, No. 26, of Milesburg, were also in attendance.

—Commencing June 1st, 1893, the Pennsylvania Roilroad Co., will place on sale Two Days Excursion Tickets between all Stations on Lewisburg and Tyrone Branch and to all Stations on Philadelphia and Erie Railroad Division between Wilkesbarre, Tomhicken, and Renovo Inclusive at greatly reduced rates. These tickets are good for passage on day of issue or the next succeeding day, and when sold on Saturday they are good for return until the following Monday inclusive.

—Did you ever try Heickel's Magic Ointment, manufactured by Charles F. Heickel, of Blanchard, this county? It is a certain cure for the bite of snakes, itch, mumps, burns, piles, cuts, boils, and sores of all kinds. Mr. Heickel is a poor man and has spent years in the preparation of this great remedy. He has large sales for it, too, when we consider he cannot advertise it for want of means. The medicine is so good that those who buy it once always want it again.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL PENCILINGS.

Mrs Gutman, of New York city, mother of Mrs. Emil Joseph, is at present visiting her daughter in Bellefonte.

George Valentine and family have moved into rooms in the house of Mrs Eliza Curtin, on corner of Allegheny and Howard streets.

We hope our readers will remember that the Eureka Grocery on High Street Bellefonte is receiving every day fresh new goods and that they are selling them at the lowest market prices you can save money by buying your groceries at the Eureka.

STORMSTOWN.

Most of the farmers are done planting corn. The next big job is harvest.

Several bark jobs are in operation at present near here.

There is some talk of a singing school being raised for Prof. Weaver. This is something Stormstown needs.

Some of our young men attended Prof. Weaver's Convention at Bellwood last week. "The Camels are Coming" Charley. How is it George?

Charles Frailey, a fourteen year old boy was killed in the bank while hauling cars at Juniata Mines, last Thursday.

Rev. Wharton preached a memorial sermon for the W. I. Furst Post No. 419 G. A. R., last Sunday.

Dr. Bigelow and Mr. John I. Dillet, who have been sick for a long time, were both able to attend the memorial services on Sunday, they are both old soldiers.

Preparations are being made for Children's Day in the M. E. church on the 11th of June.

The Half Moon Cornet Band held a festival on Tuesday evening in the G. A. R. hall.

I. G. Burket & Bro., the new store firm are doing a rushing business. They now have a fine stock on hands.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Way and Miss Harriet Wilson have gone to the World's Fair.

Decoration day was observed here the same as it was last year. The decorating was done in the forenoon and services were held in the church. An address was delivered by Mr. J. C. Meyer, of Bellefonte Pa.

HE SAYS HE WAS NOT DROWNED.

John Hackett, of Penfield, writes the following letter to the Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin*:

To the Editor:—In your issue of the 22nd instant a paragraph stated that the coroner's jury came to the conclusion that the remains of the man found drowned in the Linden boom, were those of John Hackett, of Penfield, Pa., a key ring bearing that name and address being found on the body. I would inform you that in the first place I am not the man, and in the second place I did not have stencil key ring with my name and address, as stated, with two small keys attached. I have not carried the same in my pocket for years, but they were thrown loosely about my shop, and as there are a great many in and out every day some person may have picked them up and pocketed them.

Yours truly, John Hackett,
Penfield, May 23, 1893.

—The Lutheran society of Bellefonte, who have been holding their meetings in a hall over the Centre County Bank for the last two years, expect to move into their new building on the corner of Linn and Allegheny streets, in about two weeks. They will occupy the Sunday school room, which has been plastered and will be put into shape for occupaney by that time The church is being pushed forward slowly to completion; the furniture has been ordered and will be here, it is thought, so they can dedicate it by the last Sunday in August. They expect to have a very pretty and comfortable house of worship.

A NEW FEE BILL.

A new fee bill has gone into effect which increases the fees a Justice of the Peace can charge. According to the new bill a justice can now charge for oath and information 50 cents, docket entry 25 cents, warrant 50 cents, transcript 50 cents, entering discontinuance of assault and battery cases, 50 cents; entering action 25; summons or subpœna, 25 cents, with ten cents for each additional name; return of proceedings on certiorari or appeal, $1; receiving or paying ever where the amount is over $100, $1 per hundred.

WANTED.—A housekeeper in a small family. Good wages paid. Address Issac Shuey, Bellefonte Pa.

—Mr. and Mrs. William Jenkins returned home from their wedding trip last Friday evening.

FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY IN A HUNTINGDON COUNTY TOWN.

It Was the Result of a Street Fight Caused by Whisky.

We learn from the Altoona *Tribune* that Chief of Police John D. McDonald, of Mapltoen, Huntingdon county, was shot and mortally wounded by his brother Henry at a late hour last Saturday night. The latter, with several companions, all of whom had been drinking, became engaged in a noisy fight, when Chief McDonald arrested his brother and conveyed him to the lock-up. The chief here released his brother on the latter's promise to go home, but instead of doing so Henry went to a neighbor's, borrowed a revolver and hastened to the scene of the disturbance just as Chief McDonald had arrested another of the combatants. With a profane threat Henry hastily drew the revolver and fired three shots at his brother, Chief McDonald, one of which penetrated his right side above the hip and tore its way through the intestines. The wounded officer is reported to be sinking rapidly. Henry McDonald was at once arrested and taken to the county jail. He was foreman at the Mapleton tannery and has a grown up family.

D. K. TATE'S LOCK HAVEN CONTRACT.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* says that D. K. Tate, of Bellefonte, the gentleman to whom was awarded the contract for building the new First ward school house, was in this city on Wednesday, the agreement between him and the school board having been drawn up by Solicitor G. A. Brown. The agreement was presented to the board Thursday evening, a special meeting was called for the purpose, for approval.

Mr. Tate, to set all rumors at rest, says that the bell will be taken down, carefully kept, and will be placed in the tower of the new building when completed. He never had any idea of selling the bell with the old material, as many have contended. He also states that he will purchase all the material for the building in this city, will hire all his employees from this city, and will pay his men every Saturday night. He also says that the old building will be torn down at his expense. He will give Lock Haven the benefit of every dollar spent by him in the construction of the building so far as in his power lies.

KILLED HIMSELF.

Last Wednesday in the morning Felix Burkholder, of Centre Hall, in this county, committed suicide by jumping into a well on his farm. He was about fifty years old and leaves a wife and five children, four sons and one daughter, all unmarried. The well was about twelve feet deep and had only about three feet of water in it. The body was discovered shortly after the deed was done. Byron Garris went down into the well and got the body out. For some time past Mr. Burkholder has been in ill health and this was no doubt what caused him to commit the deed. He was a cripple, having had one leg amputated several years ago. He was a good citizen and his sudden death has cast a gloom over that community.

—Mr. Constant Holter and family have removed to Clearfield, Mr. Holter's new position on the Beech Creek railroad making it necessary for him to have his home in Clearfield. We are very sorry to lose Mr. Holter from Philipsburg for he is a good man, honest and upright and a good citizen but we feel confident that he and his family will return in time, as all good Philipsburgers do. In the meantime we wish him and his family all happiness and prosperty in their new home.—Philipsburg *Ledger*.

Bellefonte Markets.

Red Wheat, per bushel	$ 70
Mixed wheat per bushel	68
Buckwheat, new, per bushel	40
Rye per bushel	60
Corn (shelled)	50
Corn (ears)	45
Oats	35
Barley	48
Clover seed, fair to good	$ 8 40
do prime and extra prime	9 00
do choice	9 60
Flour, retail, per barrel	5 00
Flour, wholesale	4 40
Hay choice mixed, per ton	10 00
" prime timothy " "	11 00
" choice " " "	12 00

Provision Markets.

Corrected weekly by Eureka Grocery.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Green apples, per bushel	80
Cherries, dried, per pound, seeded	10
Dried Currants, per pound	10
New Raisins, per pound	10 — 15
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Cheese, per pound	16
Country Ham, per pound	15
Hams, sugar cured	18
Shoulders	17
Breakfast Bacon	17
Country Bacon	16
Lard, leaf, per pound	16
Lard, country, per pound	12
Eggs, per dozen	15
Potatoes, per bushel	85
Dried Beef	25
Canned Beef, 2 pound can	25
Country Side, per pound	10
Canned Tomatoes, per can	12—15
Canned Corn, per can	12½—18
Lemons, per dozen	30
Oranges, per dozen	40—50
Dried sweet Corn, per pound	10
Apple Butter, per gallon	8
Roller Flour, per sack	1 25